October 28, 1996 $2.95 U.S., $3.95 Canadian

CK OUT
F THE BOX
—p. 24

NATIONAL REVIEW

CAN CONSERVATIVES DO FASHION?

NR'S GUIDE TO STYLE

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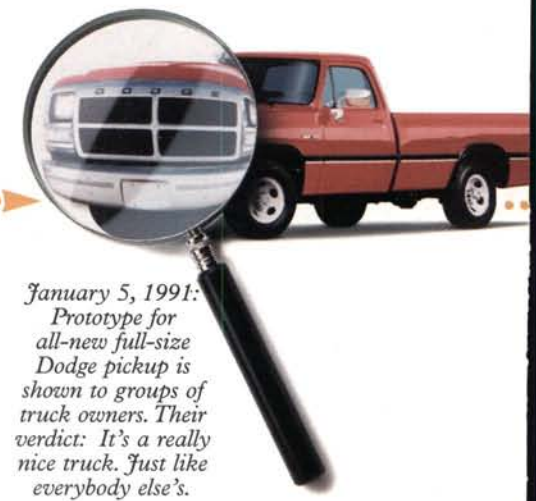
WHEN PEOPLE STARTED TELLING US THEY HATED IT, WE KNEW WE HAD A WINNER.



January 5, 1991: Prototype for all-new full-size Dodge pickup is shown to groups of truck owners. Their verdict: It's a really nice truck. Just like everybody else's.

January 6, 1993: New Dodge Ram Pickup is introduced. Quote from Motor Trend: "Behind its aggressive appearance is a solid, powerful pickup that's all business where it counts ..."

September 1, 1993: New Dodge Ram Pickup named Motor Trend's Truck of the Year. Not to be outdone, Texas Auto Writers Association dubs Ram "Truck of Texas."

*April 23, 1996: Strategic Vision confers its 1996 Total Quality Award™ for "Best Ownership Experience" for full-size pickups on Dodge Ram.**

Everybody in the car business talks about eliminating problems: squelching squeaks and rattles, raising the bar on reliability. At Chrysler Corporation, we've been winning major accolades for product excellence for the past several years. But to us, success is a lot more than just avoiding mistakes: It's a truck design that gets your blood pumping. The sound of a V10 engine clearing its throat. Giving people the freedom to create products that aren't for every-

Visit our World Wide Web site at http://www.chryslercorp.com, or call toll-free 1-888-GREATCARS. **Resale calculated using average trade-in values for full-size '94-'95 models v editions. Always wear your seat belt. *Strategic Vision's 1996 Vehicle Experience Study™ surveyed 35,652 October-November new vehicle buyers of 200-plus models after the firs

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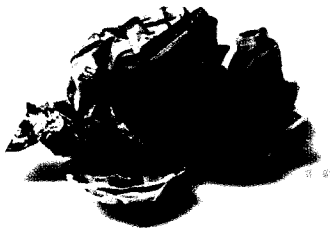
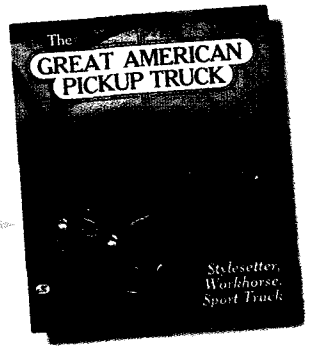
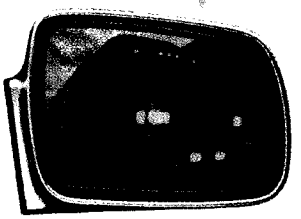


February 6, 1991:
With launch just 25 months away, design team starts over.

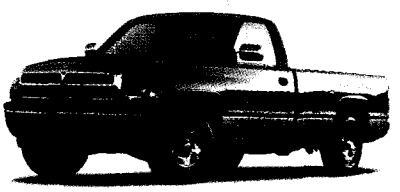


March 14, 1991:
Designer discovers a book on the history of American pickups. Meanwhile in the United Arab Emirates, Sheik Hamad Bin Hamdan Al-Nahyan is building a 60-foot replica of a 1942 Dodge Power Wagon.

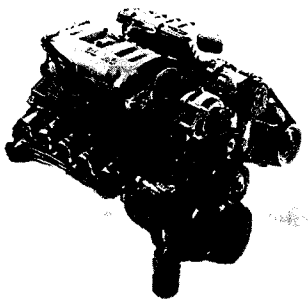
April 20-24, 1991:
Design team visits construction site, observes how workers really use their trucks. Collision with 'dozer narrowly avoided.



June 6, 1991:
Merging onto I-75 with 20-ton semi on their bumper, designers have instincts for revised design confirmed.



November 4, 1991:
Aggressive new truck design is shown to consumers. The verdict: They either love it or hate it. (Luckily, they mostly love it.) Chrysler honchos say, "Build it."



April 10, 1992:
Power train team adds Magnum V10, cast-iron cousin to the 400 hp Viper V10 and the most powerful engine ever in a pickup, as power plant option.

March 12, 1992:
Interior design team dons thick work gloves to test operation of knobs and switches in the cab under real-world conditions.

body. Considering that our Ram Pickup has the highest resale value** in its category–not to mention a bed full of "Best of" awards–it seems we're on to something. Besides, it's the only way we know to build great cars and trucks.

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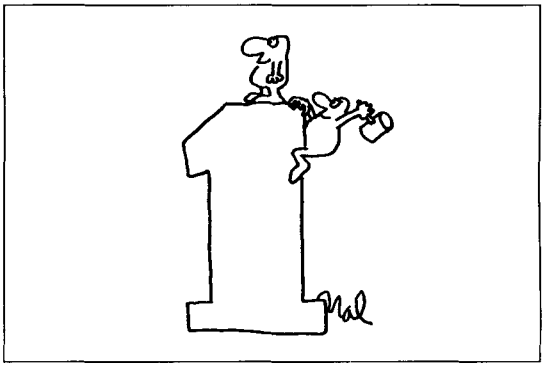
OCTOBER 28, 1996 VOL. XLVIII, NO. 20



COVER STORY

In Defense of Elegance
Fashion changes everything, says **John Simon** (p. 35), **Carolina Herrera** explains fashion to **John O'Sullivan** and **John Simon** (p. 40), **Lisa Schiffren** peruses the women's magazines (p. 44), **Florence King** addresses the practical issues (p. 50).

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FROM THE PRODUCERS OF *NOT NECESSARILY THE NEWS*

NOT NECESSARILY THE ELECTIONS

HOSTED BY
DENNIS MILLER

In this fall's fight between the Elephant and the Donkey, DENNIS MILLER would like to point out the bull.

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LETTERS

Conventional Life

In your "Scenes from Conventional Life" [Sept. 16], the reports from San Diego were disappointing. It almost seems as if a deliberate attempt was made to ignore the serious consequences facing conservatives in the coming election. In 1994 voters who saw no end to political correctness, federally supported illegitimacy, mass immigration, affirmative action, tax-supported destruction of middle-class neighborhoods by HUD, and eroding middle-class incomes voted Republican—hoping for real change.

For these voters, the San Diego Convention was a slap in the face. While Richard Lamm reminded Reform Party voters that 74 per cent of immigrants are eligible for affirmative-action programs, the Republican Party elite censored any discussion on such "divisive" issues during the convention. Mainstream voters have no use for two political parties that support open borders and affirmative action. Ignoring the anguish of the middle class while promoting limousine libertarian economic anarchy only alienates us mainstream *profanum vulgus* and may cost Republicans dearly in November.

Karl Leopold
Coral Springs, Fla.

Thank you for publishing Karina Rollins's interview with Libertarian presidential candidate Harry Browne. One comment, however, needs clarification to avoid possible misunderstanding—the statement that Libertarians will "end Social Security." This sounds very scary to senior citizens and soon-to-be-seniors. Actually, the plan is to continue benefits for everyone over age 56, while privatizing younger workers' plans via life-insurance annuities, or optionally a lump-sum payment—funded (as with the continuing payments to senior citizens) by the sale of federal assets, most of which are unconstitutional in any event. Further details are available in *Libertarianism In One Lesson* by David Bergland.

William J. Berger Jr.
Lexington, Ky.

In his report on the San Diego convention, John O'Sullivan, writing about the apparent Republican surrender to liberal culture, waves a white flag of his own. I refer to his use of the expression "dissed." One of the many pleasures of reading *NR* is the enjoyment of the skillful and respectful use of English, a rarity these days. Street jive may fall into common usage and even make it into the latest Revisionists' Dictionary, but please, spare us!

Scott Clouston
Longmont, Colo.

Yo—chill out. —ED.

Wringing Their Hands

Robert Bork ["Can Democratic Government Survive?" Sept. 16] presented his customarily acute analysis of what's wrong with our judicial system. Unfortunately, he also represented the usual conservative incapacity to meet the problem realistically.

He laments that "the [Supreme] Court's assumption of complete governing power is intolerable." And what does he prescribe? ". . . absent a constitutional amendment, we have no way of refusing to tolerate it." That is not the only, and far from the most effective, weapon of refusal, as Judge Bork knows perfectly well.

Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution provides that the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, "both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." Congress could remove jurisdiction of the Court from issues ranging from abortion to judicial interference with the number of clean towels a prisoner is "constitutionally" entitled to each week. All it need do is act.

But conservatives stand by wringing their hands and conclude, as does Judge Bork, that, "The most likely outcome seems, at the moment, to be passive acceptance of the ukases of the Court." Is it any wonder that we are drifting into the state of semi-fascism which Judge Bork so vividly describes?

William Eaton
San Francisco, Calif.

Many readers have pointed out the provision of Article III, Section 2. —ED.

Of Forgiveness

I certainly hope that the term "family values" does not mean that a woman is praised for "standing by her man" even when he has repeatedly stood (or whatever) next to another ["From the Editor," Sept. 30]. Being "loving, kind, and forgiving" is what we do when our partner honors our union by being faithful, honest, and moral. That's the deal we signed up for. I hope we are teaching our daughters that valuing family does not mean devaluing self-respect. I hope we're teaching them that it takes two to honor a marriage. Anything less is unforgivable.

Anne Kemp Hummel
Northridge, Calif.

To err is human, to forgive divine. If a husband is "faithful, honest, and moral," what exactly is his wife "forgiving"? So, Mrs. Hummel has erred; I forgive her.
—JO'S

Always Timely

I was recently going through my back issues of *NR*. The oldest issue I found was exactly ten years old. Of the seven articles only three were now dated (one dealing with a defunct politician, two dealing with a defunct country—white South Africa). Four articles of enduring interest—not bad for a "current affairs" magazine.

The next few hours were like visiting with an old friend. I was struck by a January '89 cover, touting "The Coming Crack-up of Communism"—*before* the fall of the Berlin Wall! I was also struck by the timeliness of a March '92 cover: Saddam Hussein as the Energizer bunny—"Still going, and going, and going." I then had to chuckle when I came across a reprise of that cover in February '93.

Liberals may have their *Time*, but conservatives, in NATIONAL REVIEW, have something timeless.

John Braden
Fremont, Mich.

Intelligent Design

James Shapiro's review of Michael Behe's *Darwin's Black Box* [Sept. 16] seemed more a rebuttal than a review—which is all right. I understand his defense of the "scientific approach," whatever that is. Mr. Shapiro is, after all, by definition a scientist. Or is he? The last paragraph of his essay seems to bring that into question. He ascribes decision-making capabilities to computers and information networks. I agree, computers can make decisions (by almost any definition, information networks cannot). However, I would submit to Mr. Shapiro that the ability of computers to make decisions is probably the most compelling argument for accepting "intelligent design" as an alternative to macro-evolution. I have never known any computational device to program itself, much less write the algorithms that govern its actions, and when they do I'll be a monkey's nephew.

E. H. Lubbers
San Rafael, Calif.

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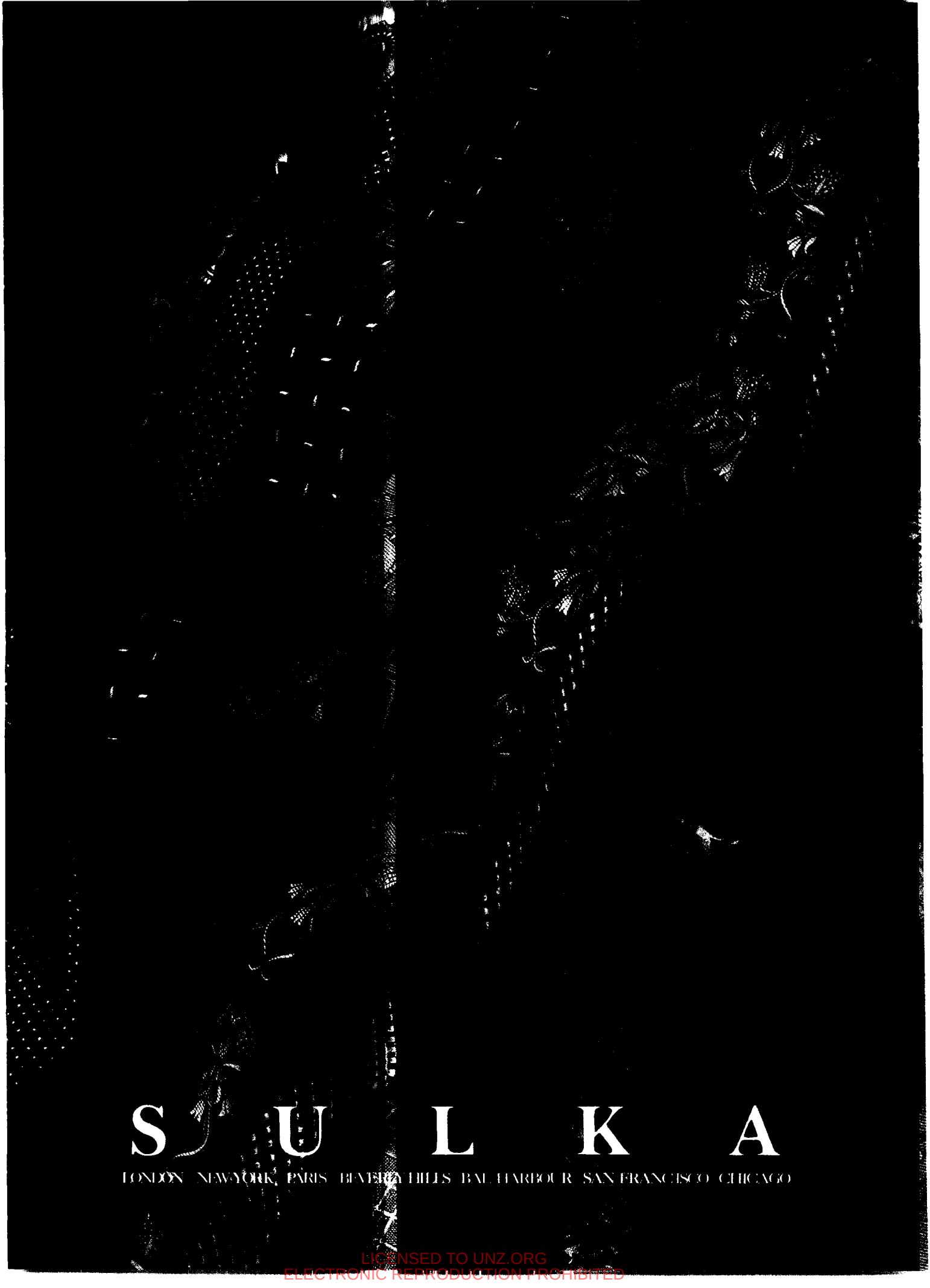

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FROM THE EDITOR

The Lotus Eaters

■ Mr. Dole's campaign coasts comfortably to defeat. And nobody is excited.

A noble serenity envelops the candidate himself; the Democrats are relieved rather than triumphalist; the media have decided that Mr. Dole is a good loser, whom it would be distasteful (and pointless) to savage; and other Republicans peer ahead to 1998 when, in the mid-second-term elections, they should win handsomely and so consolidate their control of Congress.

An analysis that comforts some conservatives is that this numbness reflects the victory of Republican ideas. Mr. Clinton is running on conservative themes—a combination of balanced budgets and social moderation. We've won.

Maybe so, and maybe not. The figures showing a balanced budget in seven years are suspiciously optimistic (especially since a recession is a near-certainty in Mr. Clinton's second term); entitlements remain uncontrolled; and the party leaderships are keeping the most deeply felt conservative issues out of the debate. A "soft" cultural liberalism, set at the conventions, covers all.

This can only be made worse by a Clinton victory. We ought to mind.

■ But it really won't matter who wins the election if the Supreme Court continues governing us with sublime indifference to the election returns.

NR recently published Robert Bork's powerful jeremiad on the decline of democracy. The same idea is broached now in the journal, *First Things*, where Judge Bork is joined by Hadley Arkes, Russell Hittinger, Charles Colson, and Robert P. George in examining whether judicial usurpation has disfranchised Americans on vital moral questions.

And, continuing with "Great minds think alike," our readers have responded in crowds to Judge Bork's article, many regretting what they take to be his resignation in the face of this usurpation and suggesting remedies for it, notably Article III, Section 2, of the Constitution.

In such matters, simplicity is best. As long as judicial review exists to restrain democracy, it can be abused to abolish democracy. So Conservatives should propose a constitutional amendment as follows: "No law passed by Congress and signed by the President shall be declared unconstitutional by the courts."

Might not Congress abuse its power? Certainly, the courts today show that such power is liable to abuse. But, unlike them, Congress would be subject to checks from the President and the voters. Of course, it is theoretically conceivable that Congress and the President together might abolish elections. In which case, we would be governed by 546 dictators instead of nine as now.

Will not minority rights will be imperiled by simple majority rule? Sometimes they may be. But the opposite of majority rule is not minority rights but minority rule. And history suggests that minorities in power are not especially tender toward the rights of either majorities or other minorities—who would therefore do better to rely for protection on majority opinion. Besides which, minority rule is itself a violation of majority rights.

Final objection: this proposal is too radical to pass. Very likely. But it might at least be debated—an important gain. Because restoring American democracy hasn't yet figured in this election.

■ Choosing illustrations for our special fashion section, our art director, Luba Kolomytseva, whose English retains strong traces of a Russian accent, thought she remembered a suitable photograph "in the magazine Wog."

"Wog?" I doubted.

"Wog," she assured me.

I am not at home in the world of *haute couture*, but I was morally certain that there is no fashion magazine called Wog.

"Yes, Wog, Wog," she insisted, triumphantly handing me a copy of—*Vogue*.

Ah well, I suppose it vindicates the old English saying that "Vogues begin at Calais." —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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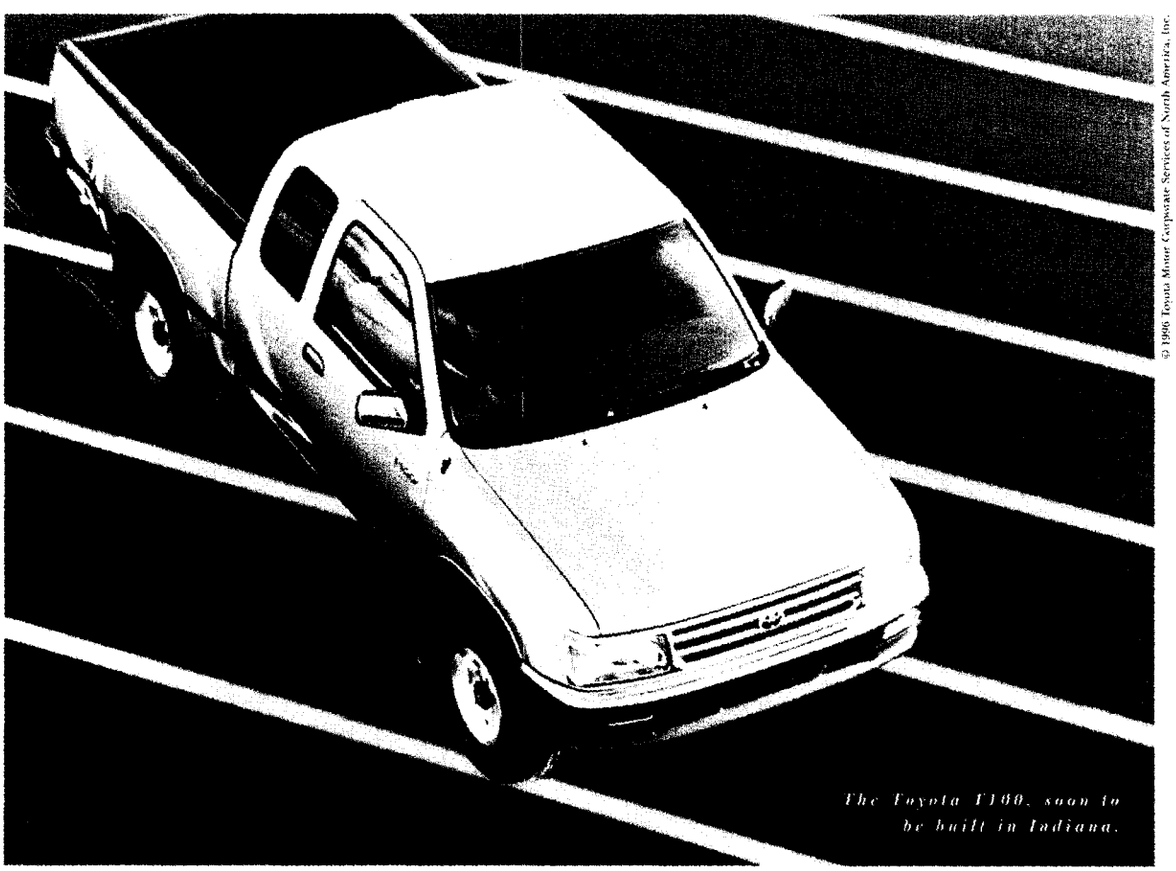

The Toyota T100, soon to be built in Indiana.

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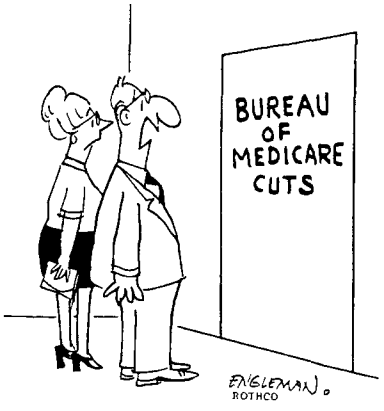
FOR THE RECORD

■ To be, or not to be, in California? That is the question dividing **Dole** campaign, *New York Times* reports. **Jack Kemp** and **Newt Gingrich** (and *NR*) want money to be spent there, while pollster **Tony Fabrizio** and political director **Jill Hanson** urge pullout. One official says, "Every dollar we spend there is too much. We're putting states like New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut at risk." Official adds that Kemp's counsel reflects his interest in running for President in 2000. . . . Left-wing *New York Observer* endorses Bob Dole: "There have been Administrations worse than Mr. **Clinton**'s, but rarely, if ever, has there been one that so often inspires shame. . . . Given a choice between a man who has displayed nothing but contempt for the traditions of his office and a man who so clearly reveres his country's institutions and is humbled by his service to them, we will choose honor over expediency." . . . Latest Census Bureau data indicate that median household income has dropped in 21 states—including N.H., Vt., Wash., Calif., N.Y., Ark.—during Clinton Administration; Va. heads list with 12.7 per cent fall. . . . Clinton asks Palestinians, "Please, please give us a chance to make this thing work in the days ahead." Did he succeed? **Tom Brokaw** says, "All the President's power and all the President's men couldn't put the peace process back together again," and National Public Radio's **Mara Liasson** says summit "was about as close to [an utter failure] as you could get." But **Peter Jennings** declares, "Under the guidance of President Clinton, there is progress." (Is he cutting ads for Clinton?) . . . **David Letterman**'s Top Ten lists repeatedly ridicule Dole 15 per cent tax cut. . . . Quoth Kemp: "Clinton is trying to run out the clock in the third quarter."

■ Colorado likely to pass Parental Rights Amendment. . . . While **Phil Gramm**'s Senate seat is now secure, he's still pounding Democrat **Victor Morales** over "quotas." . . . Sens. **Arlen Specter** (R., Pa.), **Patrick Leahy** (D., Vt.), and **Ben Nighthorse Campbell** (R., Colo.) at first voted to keep partial-birth abortion legal, but changed minds during veto-override fight. . . . In tight race against incumbent Sen. **John Kerry** (D., Mass.), Gov. **William Weld** faces continued erosion on the Right to Conservative **Susan Gallagher**. Weld's latest offense: appointing Harvard University general counsel **Margaret Marshall**, a death-penalty opponent and wife of *New York Times* columnist **Anthony Lewis**, to Supreme Judicial Court. . . . Sen. **Orrin Hatch** (R., Utah), chairman of Senate Judiciary Committee, blasts Administration's "coddle a convict program": Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights **Deval Patrick** wants hardened criminals to get "one hour of out-of-cell time daily," "a clean clothes and linen exchange at least three times per week," and "sporting/recreation equipment to afford prisoners the opportunity to participate in large muscular activity" outdoors. And "loss of meals must never be used as a punitive measure"—which, notes Sen. Hatch, will be news to plenty of parents. . . . **Bill Bennett** and Sen. **Joseph Lieberman** (D., Conn.) call for suspension of Baltimore Orioles' spitting second baseman **Roberto Alomar** for duration of playoffs: "Justice, as well as the integrity of the game, demands it."

■ Russian Security Council secretary Gen. **Aleksandr Lebed**, questioning Pres. **Boris Yeltsin**'s arrangements for government during his illness, says publicly, "It's not clear whether we have a president or not." . . . After South Korea captured North Korean submarine and killed several commandos, Pyongyang radio promised retaliation; since then, South Korean diplomat **Choi Duck-Kuen**, who specialized in Northern affairs, has been murdered in Vladivostok, and a South Korean merchant has been assassinated in Cambodia. . . . State Dept. officer **Robert Pelletreau** tells congressional committee that Clinton Administration was never committed to defending Kurdish enclave in northern Iraq. . . . **Kenneth Clarke**, Britain's outspoken Chancellor of the Exchequer, is under fire from Euro-skeptical Conservative backbenchers for saying it would be pathetic not to join Europe's single currency. French President **Jacques Chirac**, himself under pressure to cut deficit so as to meet standards for entry into single currency, angers Italian Prime Minister **Romano Prodi** by suggesting Italy won't make 1999 deadline. . . . Wildcat strikes in auto industry greet Chancellor **Helmut Kohl**'s modest attempts to trim $7.88 billion off health benefits in order to cut wage costs and make German industry more competitive. . . . Bill Clinton says the U.S. hopes to establish diplomatic relations with Afghan government of Mullah **Mohammad Omar**, King of the Believers, who leads the Taliban (Islamic students) now dominant in Kabul. . . . In study to find out why so many female and minority officers resign from Canadian Royal Mounted Police, 60 per cent of female officers reported sexual harassment from another member of the force. . . . **Riitta Uosukainen**, 54, Conservative former education minister, has Finns lined up for her book *Fluttering Flame*, an account of her erotic adventures and perhaps the opening of her presidential campaign.

■ To call into "The Civil Right with **Ron Freeman**"—show hosted by articulate Kansas City-based conservative, and now broadcast nationally (9–11 a.m. CST) through Radio America—dial 1-800-872-1121. . . . Libertarian Independent Institute launches *The Independent Review*, edited by renowned scholar **Robert Higgs**. Call 1-800-927-8733 for info. . . . Says **David Kuo**—head of American Compass, which funds worthy conservative causes—on Dole campaign's obsession with economics: "I think the people walking around with the 15 per cent stickers make them look like items from a remainder aisle at Kmart."



"I knew it was just a matter of time."

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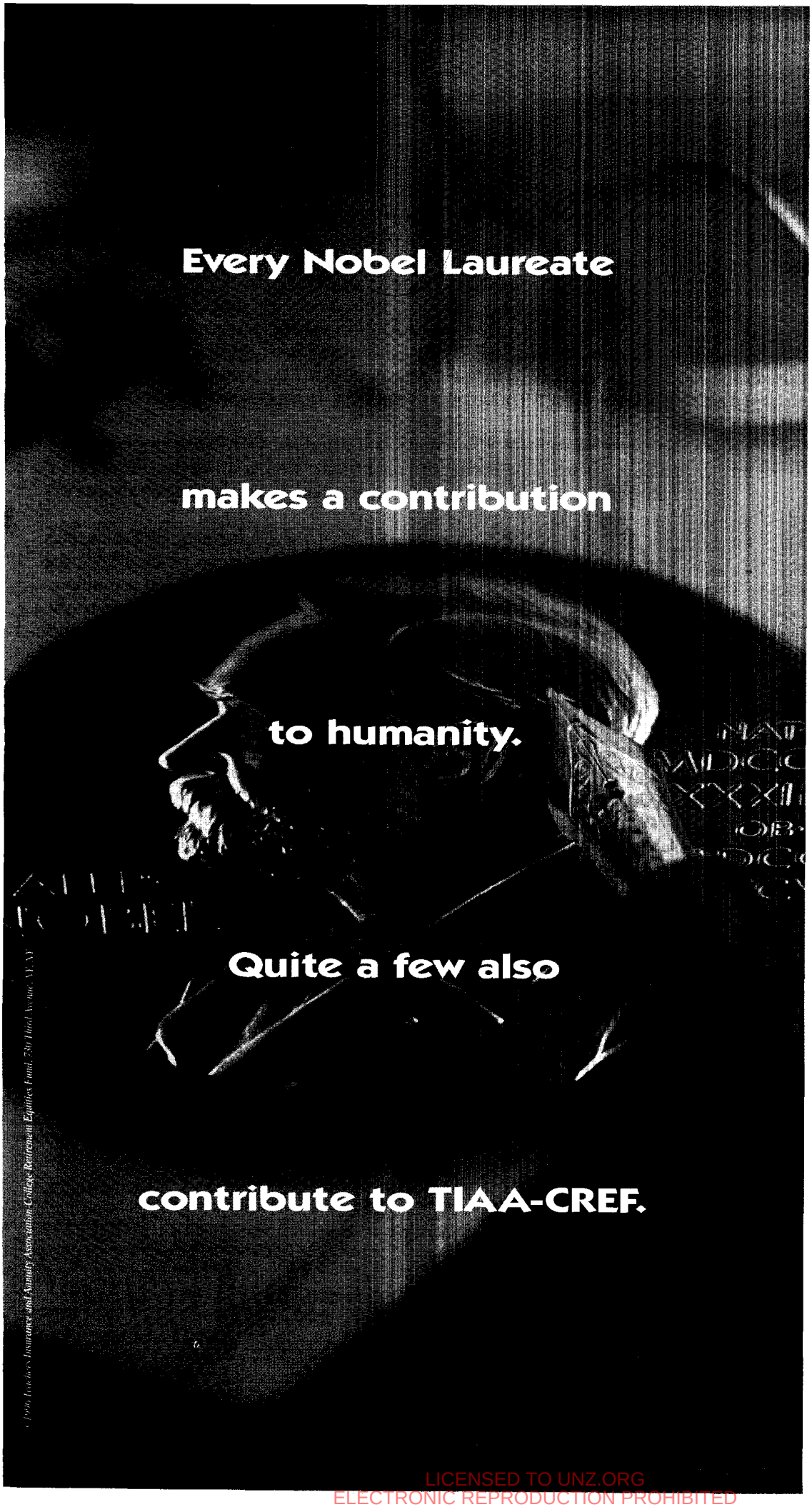

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THE WEEK

■ White House aides are split over the issue of pardons for Whitewater felons. Some want them announced at the beginning of President Clinton's inaugural address, while others think they should wait until the end.

■ Among the Clinton Administration's lucky breaks this year is the timing of investigations into its misconduct: no Whitewater- or Travelgate-related indictments before November, and now no serious second look into Filegate either. In a recent sworn deposition to the Senate Judiciary Committee, Mari Anderson, assistant to Georgetown bouncer *cum* White House security chief Craig Livingstone, says that contrary to their sworn testimony, Livingstone and other security-office employees knew all along that they were improperly obtaining the files of former GOP officials. She also sheds light on a mysterious six-month gap in a log recording when FBI files were removed from the security office: Livingstone et al. have suggested that the log just wasn't kept during this period, but Miss Anderson says it was, raising the possibility it was removed as part of a cover-up. (Can you say "18½-minute gap"?) Incredibly, Judiciary Committee Chairman Orrin Hatch agreed to hold no more hearings on the matter before the election in order to win Democratic cooperation on a parks bill. See you next year.

■ "Give Bill a second term," said Hillary Rodham Clinton at a Democratic fund-raiser, "and Al Gore and I will be turned loose to do what we really want to do." *Now* will you get busy and work for Dole?

■ Is it still the economy, stupid? Bill Clinton says so. But in an illuminating cover story in the October 7 *Forbes* magazine, *NR*'s Peter Brimelow and Ed Rubenstein examine problems in the current cyclical recovery that Clinton doesn't talk about. For one thing, the recovery is much weaker than the three preceding ones: an expansion of only about 13 per cent since it began (under George Bush, let the record show). And this recovery is now so old that a recession in the next presidential term is almost a statistical certainty. The federal deficit, about 2 per cent of GDP in 1996, is down, as it was at this point in the 1983–90 upswing. But that is because defense spending has collapsed (3.6 per cent of GDP today, down from 5 per cent in 1992) and because the Federal Government's tax take (19.4 per cent of GDP, up from 18.4) has risen to a level unprecedented in peacetime. Indeed, counting state and local taxes—increased largely because of Washington's new habit of mandating programs—Americans are paying more in taxes than at the height of World War II. Ironically, the bugaboos of the Reagan recovery—federal borrowing, especially from foreigners; income inequality—are actually worse under Clinton. Bottom line: Personal income has stagnated throughout the Clinton years. And it seems likely that per capita disposable income in the four quarters prior to the election will turn out to be below its long-term 2.1 per cent growth trend, despite an above-expectations 1996 so far. Since 1952 no incumbent party has held the White House with such wan numbers. This economy would not be a political problem—for an aggressive opponent.

■ What Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Gore "really want to do" is alarming to contemplate. Can you imagine Health Care Reform for every tree, bird, beast, and bug on the planet?

■ Under pressure from the Department of Education's Civil Rights office to boost girls' scores on the PSAT, the College Board announced that it would add a multiple-choice section on writing and language structure to the test. It has long been known that boys do better than girls on standardized tests, particularly on the math sections. (On the PSAT math section last year, boys averaged 50.8, on a scale of 20 to 80, compared to the girls' average of 47.4. On the verbal section the scores were 48.8 for boys, 48.6 for girls.) This is a "problem" because these tests play a large role in determining National Merit Scholarships, and as a result boys have an "unfair" advantage in the competition for these awards. The "solution" is to de-emphasize the math section. This is already accomplished by counting the verbal score twice in the Merit selection process; the new verbal section will further decrease the importance of a high math score. Women's groups, such as the Women's Rights Project, justify such tampering on the grounds that the tests *must* be "biased"

MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
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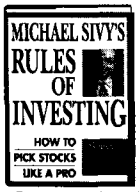

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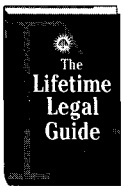

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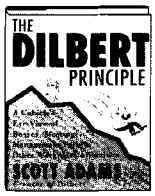

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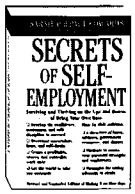

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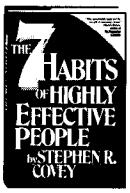

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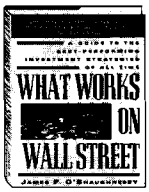

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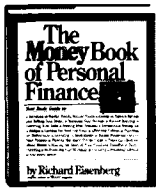

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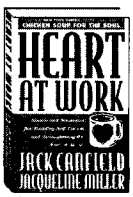

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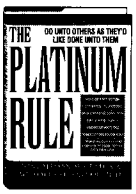

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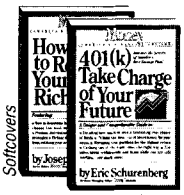

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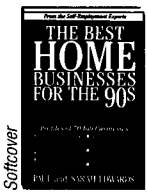

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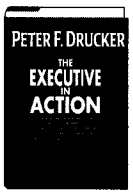

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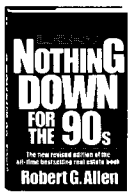

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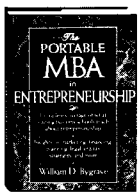

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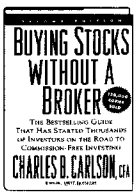

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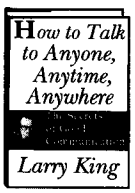

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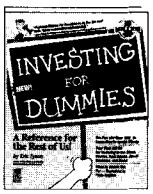

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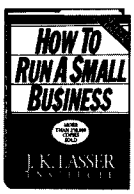

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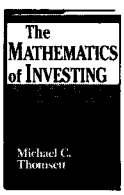

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against girls, since girls tend to receive slightly higher grades than boys in both high school and college. However, it seems more likely that any bias resides in the grades, which are subjectively awarded, than in the tests, which are scored by a machine. If we want to award equal numbers of scholarships to boys and girls, fine: make that the policy (keeping in mind that to do so tarnishes the actual achievements of girls). But stop pretending that these tests are standardized and these scholarships are based on merit.

■ A man wearing a Bob Dole mask and a "really ugly yellow tie" robbed a bank in Wheaton, Illinois, and, as he left, reminded everyone to vote. Mr. D. Craig Livingstone refuses to disclose how he is paying for his quickly mounting legal bills in the Filegate affair. These two items may be unrelated.

■ Sen. John Kerry (D., Mass.) is a standard-issue down-the-line liberal. His opponent, Republican Gov. William Weld, styles himself an economic conservative and a social liberal. That's half true. Weld supports every item on the agenda of left-wing homosexual activists. But state spending has increased in his tenure and income-tax rates remain essentially at Dukakis levels. Weld favors discrimination against white males, environmental regulation, and industrial policy. He would provide crucial reinforcement for the dwindling ranks of liberal Republicans in the Senate. Worse, he is smart and affable; in the old boys' club of the Senate, he would tug the Republican caucus to the Left, damaging conservative causes far more than a re-elected Kerry. It's quite a dilemma. Weld's appalling rush to defend President Clinton for vetoing the partial-birth-abortion ban, however, tips the scale. To oppose first-trimester abortions requires an act of intellection which not all well-meaning people will make; to approve killing a baby in the process of being born indicates a deep failure of moral sentiment. Under the circumstances, we must urge conservatives to cast their votes for Conservative Party candidate Susan Gallagher.

■ California Attorney General Dan Lungren, an attractive young GOP figure, has been kicking up his heels. In August, he raided the San Francisco Cannabis Buyers Club—which sells marijuana to people suffering from cancer, AIDS, and glaucoma—on the grounds that potheads were getting it for recreational use (the Cannabis Buyers Club disputes the charge). This month, when characters in *Doonesbury* lamented the move, Lungren urged California newspapers to cancel the strip, saying it would "lend credibility" to Proposition 215—a referendum to legalize medical marijuana. We say Mr. Lungren loses credibility by fighting the drug war on its least defensible front. Will he ask California newsstands not to carry this issue?

■ In response to the new law restricting welfare for immigrants, George Soros, the Hungarian-born money manager, has announced that he will put up $50 million to start the Emma Lazarus Fund, which will aid legal immigrants by financing their citizenship applications and efforts to learn English. We applaud Mr. Soros's initiative. Appropriately, he is using his own money—there was no welfare in Emma Lazarus's day—and that money will (reportedly) go to immigrants themselves, rather than to professional lobbyists using immigrants to extort money from ordinary Americans, as is notoriously the case with Ford Foundation grants. But Mr. Soros must not stop here. In fairness, he should finance another fund to aid native-born Americans facing lower wages, job displacement, overcrowded schools, and the cost of relocation from their overwhelmed communities. He could even name it after someone who is being phased out of the American pantheon to make room for new heroes and heroines like Emma Lazarus—someone who thought America did not need immigrants at all except perhaps for a few "useful mechanics"—old whatshisname—we've got it!—George Washington.

■ Archaeologists have dug up the fossil of a 12-foot turtle. Or maybe it's the remains of U.S. foreign policy.

■ The Afghan Taliban are getting a bad press in the West but, in fact, their rule could prove quite popular if they conquered Washington, D.C., as well as Kabul. True, some aspects of their Islamic political correctness might raise an eyebrow or two. For example, not everyone would enjoy having to grow a beard. Not everyone would gladly rise before dawn for the first of five daily prayers. The Taliban's encouraging women to stay (literally) at home might also be considered in some quarters to be a little over the top. But there would be compensations. The Taliban have banned television, music, and co-ed public transportation. In other words, three scourges of modern life—mindless TV junk, the cacophony which passes for music these days, and overcrowded public transport—would be eliminated at one bold stroke. Washington in particular would also benefit from the Taliban's crime-fighting tactics. After the first few hundred thieves started walking about the city without right hands, our crime rate would surely drop too. Most importantly, the Taliban would reduce inflationary pressures that might be building up again. A Kabul butcher who

The Hartford Dole

I don't care where he got the stuff—
L.A. or Tijuana—
Or whether it's to pop or puff:
Dole rocked and rolled Big Bwana.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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tried to sell his products above the official price had two of his fingers chopped off, which, while not monetarist in spirit, should surely be acclaimed by the bond market for anti-inflationary zeal. After the latest developments in Kabul, who can now say that the Clinton Administration, which has made friendly overtures toward the Taliban, supports only liberal causes?

■ As the house organ of the international New Class, fiscally conservative but socially liberal, *The Economist* has long felt highly modified rapture toward Margaret Thatcher. All the more significant, therefore, is its considered judgment on the balance-sheet of Thatcherism in a recent survey of Britain's new politics. After scrupulously examining the economic statistics on growth, productivity, and much else (and dispelling scores of much-loved left-wing myths in the process), it concludes: "Until about 1979, Britain's economic decline relative to other countries was precipitous; since then, the decline has been arrested, and there are now signs that Britain is improving its position. If so, no other British government in modern times can claim as much." Within this broad conclusion, it cites dramatic achievements for the Iron Lady in labor-market reforms, privatization (in 1979 the cost of state support for nationalized industries "was equivalent to £300 [$480] a year for every taxpayer. The privatized companies now . . . pay taxes on profits that amount to £100 [$160] a year for every taxpayer"), and competitiveness (in the 1980s, "of Europe's ten most successful firms, seven were British"). All in all, the *Economist* survey reads like a British equivalent of *NR*'s own "The Real Reagan Record." But perhaps Mrs. Thatcher's greatest achievement is the modern Labour Party, which, under the shrewd leadership of Tony Blair, denounces her policies but promises not to reverse them.

■ The following letter to the editor appeared in the *New York Times*. We reprint it, admiringly. "Congratulations for giving voice to the victims of the latest assault on the women of America ('Harassment in 2nd Grade? Queens Kisser Is Pardoned,' front page, Oct. 3). Reported incidents of second-grade kissing, the nation's most underreported crime, have doubled in the last week alone. Furthermore, studies have shown that most second-grade kissing occurs during recess, thereby detracting from the quality of the milk-and-cookies experience. As a result, many schoolgirl victims go on to develop anorexia and are therefore unable to protect themselves when they receive the traditional Super Bowl beating. For too long the tragedy of second-grade kissing has been ignored by the political and educational power structure. Careful research has shown that if boys kiss girls in the second grade, they will kiss them again in the future. Clearly these are not isolated incidents; they form a pattern. It is the pattern of a serial kisser. There is still time before the November elections for the presidential candidates to present their plans for dealing with this horror before more lives are ruined, so that we can go back to the important work of building on the successes of our public school system. [Signed] Joe Benning, Summit, N.J."

Hosni Stayed Home

It wasn't a marvelous party
With Bibi, Yasir, and the king.
They didn't wear hats or get silly,
And nobody offered to sing.
Bill did what he could with the seating,
While Warren attempted a joke.
The king was excessively jolly
Till Arafat gave him a poke.

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ The skeleton of a 9,300-year-old white guy has been unearthed at Kennewick, Washington, supporting a theory that Europeans crossed the Siberian land bridge around the same time Indians did—or, who knows? maybe before. What happened to these white Native Americans at the hands of their red-skinned neighbors remains unclear, but the word "genocide" comes to mind. A committee of Shriners and Rotarians, acting as the modern-day descendants of the prehistoric white tribes, should draw up a list of demands, including reparations plus 9,300 years of interest, casino rights, and any ancient loafers or martini shakers that turn up.

His Way

THE President wants to increase spending 20 per cent over the next six years. I want to increase spending 14 per cent. That's how simple it is." This was part of Bob Dole's answer to a question about his tax plan in the first presidential debate. And that's how simple the debate was: sober, detailed, and a failure—as intellectual discourse, theater, or political catch-up for Mr. Dole.

Technically, Mr. Dole turned in a solid performance. He raised more laughs, and he committed no serious missteps. Bill Clinton also avoided errors, but at the cost of seeming disengaged. Yet disengagement favored the President. Sitting atop a lead as large as his, he wanted to treat the debate as if it did not exist. Mr. Dole, alas, let him.

The one important issue that Bob Dole brought up on his own was his tax plan. Even this could have been sharpened (what about some statistics from the paragraph—p. 10, above—on the economy's weak performance?). He pressed Mr. Clinton on the issue of school choice, but that issue was handed to him by moderator Jim Lehrer.

What was most notable about the debate was the miss-

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ing issues. Partial-birth abortion—never mentioned. The issues that make up the national question, which go to the heart of what kind of country we are—quotas, English language, multiculturalism, history standards, immigration—nothing. These issues, while of interest to *NR*, are not our private shibboleths. Each one of them reflects legislation that Mr. Dole endorsed, and in some cases sponsored, while a senator. Yet even as they have been absent from his campaign, they were absent from Hartford.

The debate we got instead was arcane, Beltway, and boring—an argument between two would-be custodians of a family business. Mr. Dole appeared as the dour lifer from accounting, who wants to take a closer look at the books; Mr. Clinton as the breezy former sales rep from the front office. But the gladhander is the incumbent; the challenger could not make a convincing case that the company is in trouble. So why change?

For months *NR* has been telling Mr. Dole what he must do to win. The time for taking advice is past. He is doing it his way—a little tax relief, still less educational reform, and a lot of attitude. Good luck. Let us know how it comes out.

Kohl Feet, Chirac Treatment

WHEN the Soviet empire collapsed, conventional wisdom had it that the North Atlantic Alliance, having achieved its purpose, would soon become irrelevant. Before long, however, Bosnia and the reappearance of Russian nationalism reminded the West that the Alliance was too valuable to lose. European security is still precarious unless the United States stays engaged and exercises leadership. But this has not happened. Perhaps it was inevitable that an Adminis-

Right Data

UNTIL recently, most economists viewed immigration as a net boon to the United States. Arriving relatively poor, the newest Americans supposedly acquired the job and language skills needed to get ahead. But a new study by the Rand Corporation finds that this rosy scenario doesn't apply to all immigrant groups.

In 1970, for example, Chinese, Korean, and Japanese male immigrants earned 12 per cent less than the average native-born American male; in 1990 they earned 10 per cent more. Europeans and Canadians held their own, with wages 10 to 30 per cent higher than natives'. By contrast, Mexican immigrants' income slipped from 66 per cent to 56 per cent of natives'. Because Mexicans and Central Americans constitute an increasing fraction of all immigrant workers (20.8 per cent in 1990, up from 6.5 per cent in 1970), they've dragged the overall average down.

Education explains a lot here. In 1960 newly arrived immigrants had, on average, about six months more schooling than U.S. natives. Then, in 1965, the immigration laws were amended. Instead of promoting the immigration of workers needed to fill specific labor needs, the new law emphasized "family reunification." Education levels fell. By 1990 the newest immigrants had 1.3 fewer years of schooling than natives.

IMPORTING POVERTY: IMMIGRANTS FALL BEHIND

	Immigrant Income as % of U.S. Average		% of All Immigrant Workers	
Country of Origin	1970	1990	1970	1990
Mexico	66	56	5.1	15.6
Central America	79	62	1.4	5.2
Caribb., S. America	80	86	17.1	27.4
Japan, Korea, China	88	110	3.3	8.5
Europe	110	115	46.8	19.5
U.K., Canada	113	130	20.7	7.8
All Immigrants	99	89	100.0	100.0

Source: Rand Corporation, 1996

All unskilled workers—native and immigrant alike—have suffered income declines relative to the technologically proficient. But even among the unskilled, immigrants are faring much worse: the earnings of foreign-born in the bottom tenth of the American workforce fell to 63 per cent from 94 per cent of the earnings of natives in the same group.

During the high-growth years of the 1980s, academic studies touted immigration as a good investment. Over time even less-educated immigrants were expected to pay more in taxes than they received in public benefits. Unfortunately, it hasn't worked out that way. Economist George Borjas reports that 9.1 per cent of newly arrived immigrant households received public assistance in 1990, compared to 7.4 per cent of native households. By contrast, immigrant households in 1970 were *less* likely to be on welfare than native households. Still more troubling is Borjas's finding that the likelihood an immigrant will be on public assistance *rises* the longer he resides in the United States. This reflects a steady rise in income thresholds for welfare eligibility coupled with declining relative incomes for immigrants.

Perhaps one-quarter to one-half of the increase in poverty since the early 1970s reflects immigration. Between 1973 and 1995 the number of individuals with incomes below the official poverty line rose by 13.5 million. Of those, 6.2 million, or 46 per cent, were Hispanics.

Although children born to immigrants will fare better, history suggests lingering disadvantages. Borjas finds, for example, that a 30 per cent wage differential between ethnically distinct immigrant groups in 1910 translated to a 15 per cent differential among their children in 1940, and a 7.5 per cent differential among their grandchildren in 1980. Given the sorry state of public education, it's likely that descendants of the current wave will take even longer to catch up. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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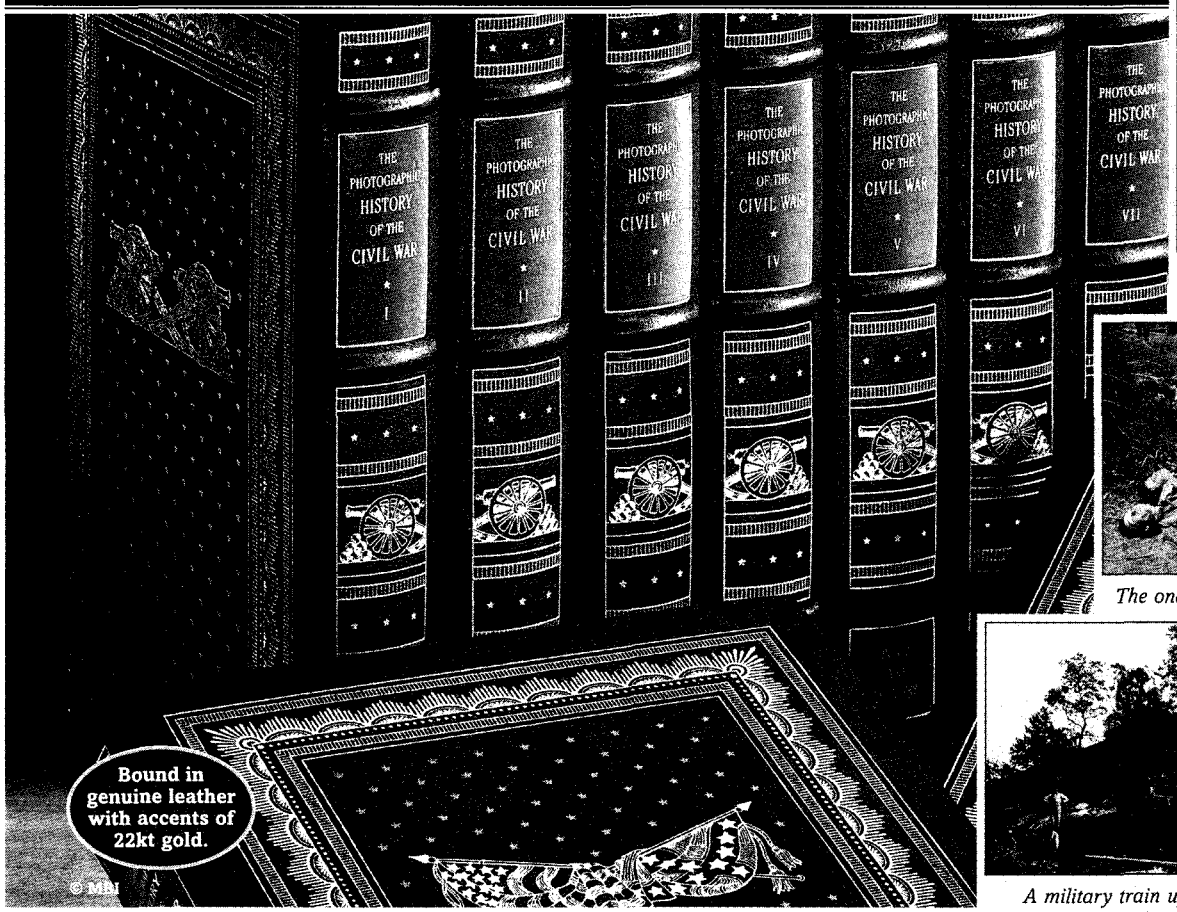

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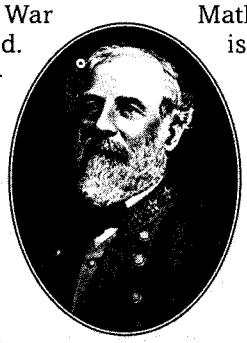

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tration that came into office criticizing U.S. foreign policy as "too Eurocentric" (Warren Christopher's words) would run Alliance policy into the ground. In any case, two major problems loom.

First is the danger that NATO enlargement is heading for a train wreck. NATO says it is committed to admitting new members from Central Europe, but the process is so long and drawn out that (as *NR* predicted) it is inviting Russian opposition.

Boris Yeltsin's health is one excuse. The Germans worry that it is indelicate to disturb him in the midst of heart surgery. Aleksandr Lebed's blast that an expanded NATO would be a "Fourth Reich" may also have given Helmut Kohl cold feet. As for the Clinton Administration—any excuse for procrastination. Lebed's early-October visit to NATO headquarters in Brussels saw some further sparring. Indeed, the Russians will fight NATO enlargement as long as it is an open question, extorting as many concessions as they can from the West as "compensation."

Meanwhile, the Alliance is also under challenge from within. Ever since French President Jacques Chirac's February visit to Washington, there has been much self-congratulation about France's decision to re-enter many of NATO's military structures. This seemed to heal a thirty-year breach in Alliance unity that began with Charles de Gaulle. But Chirac the breach-healer always had a proviso: NATO must take more account of the "European identity." The Western European Union was to have a greater role, European generals and admirals were to take on some functions hitherto monopolized by Americans, *et ainsi de suite*.

And the Alliance has moved in this direction, with Clinton paying tribute to the "European identity," and the U.S. agreeing that the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander should be a European. Perhaps unwisely. For Chirac surprised Clinton in August with a further demand: that NATO's operational Southern Commander should henceforth be a European (the post to rotate among France, Italy, and Spain). Now, Chirac's price has gone up. The Clinton Administration is right to say no.

France must choose: Strengthening the European allies' role *within* NATO is admirable and, if serious, a form of burden-sharing. But pushing the "European identity" will only split the Alliance and gradually encourage Americans to leave Europe in a huff. Facing an unstable Russia, the West is choosing the worst possible time to squabble.

The Week in Verse

An eager nation couldn't wait to see
The modern Clash of Titans on TV:
Would *Clinton* lose his cool? *Dole* show his age?
Would one (or both!) of them fall off the stage?
Or would *Perot*'s last-minute suit prevail?
Would *Barbra* come with *Clinton*? *Dole* with *Dale*?
A mere election carries little weight
Beside th' extravaganza of *Debate*.
But, though the battle taxed both tongue and jaw,
It ended in a handshake and a draw.
His fans were glad *Dole* didn't make a botch
Nor raise the wrath of those (who didn't watch)
He'd tried not to turn off by looking grim.
He smiled and joked—and then they turned off him.

Was not to lose the best he could have done?
Could *Clinton* have done better if he'd won?
No blood is shed, of man nor of giraffe,
No knockout punch is made, no fatal *Gaffe*.
Dole's mighti'st blows but smite the woundless air,
And *Clinton* hopes, that he's not in despair.
What use to say his policy's *ad hoc*?
Did he not shoot some missiles at *Iraq*?
And though there's fighting on the *Temple Mount*
He brought the malefactors to account,
Inviting *Netanyahu*, *Arafat*
To drop in at the *White House* for a chat.

Meanwhile the shutdown-shy, late *GOP*
Is keen a *Clinton* budget to agree
And lets *exulting* Democrats restore
Its cuts in summer jobs, *Americorps*,
Head Start, and *Legal Services* to boot,
But, hey, we cut those ice buckets, says *Newt*!
They're glad that *Goals 2000*'s on the books
And *Clinton's Cops* get funding, if not crooks:
Like him, to balanced budgets staking claim,
They hope to get the credit, not the blame.

—Juvenal

On Drugs

DURING the dog days of August the *San Jose Mercury-News* published a series of articles by an "investigative reporter," Gary Webb, blaming the CIA and the Nicaraguan Contras for introducing crack cocaine into California's black ghettos in the 1980s. This story was so improbable that it made no immediate impact. But this fall it began to gain credibility, at least among black Americans.

Facts first: The Webb story is false and indeed ridiculous. Webb has boasted that if one looks his story up on the newspaper's web page, all the back-up documents are linked and can be read in full. Quite right, and when read in full, they show a reporter who bases extravagant claims on interviews with assorted low-level low-lifes who hung around the Contras. His assertion that his interviewees were important Contra leaders is just plain wrong. The suggestion that the Contras as a group were involved in drug trafficking has repeatedly been investigated and disproved, not least by Sen. John Kerry's desperate efforts to reach the same conclusion. If Mr. Webb's story were true, surely it would have been tripped over by Lawrence Walsh during his five-year, $75-million safari? Indeed, if all that drug money had been sloshing around, why

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-- Richardo Montalban

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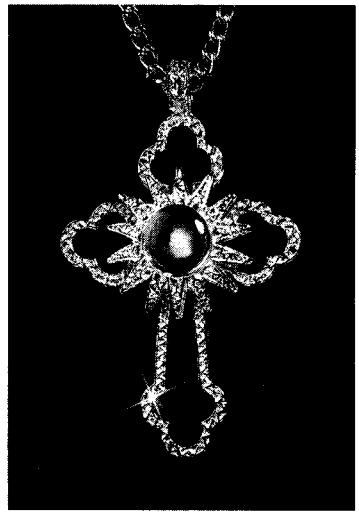

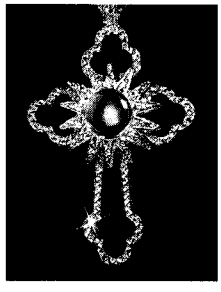

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would the Contras have needed Ollie North or the Sultan of Brunei to keep body and soul together?

There is no Contra story here, but there are two other stories. The first is about journalism: Why does a newspaper thought of as respectable devote so much space to nonsense like this? The *Washington Post* investigated the *Mercury-News* story and concluded that it is an embarrassment to journalism. The second story is about the irresponsibility of black leaders such as Rep. Maxine Waters (D., Calif.) and the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who have taken the conspiracy theory seriously, spread it on the airwaves, and encouraged the view that the CIA is to blame for the social pathologies that plague poor black neighborhoods. Is the CIA to blame for black demagogy too?

Robert Nisbet, RIP

ROBERT Nisbet belonged to the great tradition of reflection on society that began with Burke and runs through Tocqueville, Durkheim, Weber, Oakeshott, to . . . Nisbet.

This tradition was born as a response to Revolution, and more broadly to the impact of modernity upon traditional social relationships. In its empiricism, this tradition, well delineated by Nisbet in his masterly *The Sociological Tradition*, is conservative in its central tendency, anti-utopian, and distrustful of abstractions. It focuses on the smaller social units, the "little platoon" in Burke, the "intermediate institutions" in Tocqueville. It is aware of complexity and unintended consequences and fearful of unrestrained political power.

A productive, delightful, and authoritative writer, Nisbet had a fine academic career beginning at Berkeley in 1939 and culminating (1974–78) as Schweitzer Professor at Columbia. Disgusted by the effects of the 1960s on the universities, however, he was glad to move to the American Enterprise Institute in 1978 as a resident scholar, one of their noblest appointments.

A man of charm and great civility, always a good friend, he died at home in Washington, at 82, of cancer.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

All the boys and girls here in the quality-control lab at Signs and Wonders, Inc., want to thank you for your efforts on behalf of the English language. We have only one minor criticism, and that is that you don't go quite far enough. It is all very well to throw a few velleities and enthymemes at people of good will, but none of these words is sufficiently universe-boggling to handle some of the sterquilinians that increasingly hound the righteous in, lo! these End Times. What you need is *cactolith*! The unabridged *Glossary of Geology* (American Geological Institute, 1974) defines this wonderful word as follows: "a quasihorizontal chonolith composed of anastomosing ductoliths whose distal ends curl like a harpolith, thin like a sphenolith, or bulge discordantly like an akmolith or ethmolith."

Now, this won't make you ready for absolutely everything, but you have to admit, it should help a lot.

Sincerely,
Michael R. Facundus
Kingwood, Tex.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Non-exclusive language pushed to its logical conclusion: He/she ain't heavy, Father/Mother, he's/she's my brother/sister.

Ghastly, what?

Yours cordially,
John Gillis
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Mr. Gillis: What. *Definitely* what. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please, please elucidate. If you are too busy writing on world problems, perhaps some fellow reader of NATIONAL REVIEW will solve my problem, not shared by a single one of my friends.

What bothers me is the phrase "by and large," used constantly by both the literate and the illiterate. What do people think they are saying, with a preposition and an adjective connected by a conjunction? Take "by." By what? Now take "large." What is it that is large?

For over a year I have waited for a break in terrible world events to bend your ear about this. Now, although a born optimist, I've been forced to conclude that I'd better wait no longer.

Sincerely,
Helen W. Sanborn
El Cerrito, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Sanborn: Well now, you might have a reason to be dismayed at its use, but not surprised. See, e.g., *A Dictionary of American Usage*, Bergen Evans, Random House: "**by and large**. In the sense of 'generally speaking, in every aspect': *by and large (By and large the worries of summer residents concerning snakes are far out of proportion to the dangers that exist)* is standard in American usage, though not very often used in England. Apparently it is becoming more common there, for Sir Ernest Gowers states that this 'current usage . . . exasperates the sailor' who knows the true meaning of the phrase—'alternately close to the wind and with the wind abeam or aft.' An even stronger reason for avoiding the phrase than the fear of exasperating sailors is that it is often meaningless, used simply as conversational filler." You will be happy to learn that *NR* never uses the phrase in the last, condemned, sense. Cordially, **—WFB**

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ELECTION SCENE

Kemp's World

RAMESH PONNURU

Alan Nahigian

UNION, N.J.

IT'S a sparse crowd at the Dole–Kemp rally in Union, N.J., on this morning, the first cold snap of the season. I'm standing next to Buttman, wondering if I can bum a cigarette off him. The chill hasn't cooled Jack Kemp's ardor; his only concession to it is to promise a brief speech, which he accomplishes not by abbreviating his remarks but by talking even faster than usual. America is "on the eve of the twenty-first century, a new millennium" which will see "a rebirth of freedom," "an economic and social renaissance."

When it comes to rebirth, Kemp knows whereof he speaks: his own political career has only recently emerged from a deep freeze. After 1992 he became the front-runner for presidential nomination. But in the intervening years Kemp lost a lot of support from party leaders, who tired of his indiscipline, and from conservative activists and intellectuals, who complained about his apostasies on labor, on spending, on immigration. The first group has been pleasantly surprised by the discipline Kemp has exhibited on the campaign trail. He has moved rightward on affirmative action and state benefits for illegal immigrants; his violent opposition to school choice during his 1988 presidential campaign is a distant memory. Otherwise, he has done little to appease his conservative critics.

Distant galaxies can receive light from dead stars. There is still an enormous reservoir of good will toward Kemp among rank-and-file Republicans. Republicans like having a spokesman who can't be trashed as mean-spirited or bigoted. When Kemp's selection was announced in Russell, Kan., he said, "Bob and I are going to be asking for the support of every single American from the boroughs of New York to the barrios of California. . . . No one will be left behind and no one will be turned away." They're such simple little words, it's a wonder so few Republicans have the wit to say them.

In Union, Kemp said, "This country has a great philosophy in both Jewish and Christian tradition that you do not leave the wounded behind, that you do not leave the weak behind, that you do not leave the elderly behind, that you do not leave the unborn behind." And then he segued into a defense of legal immigration. What links Kemp's positions on immigration, abortion, and economics is the view that people are potential assets, not liabilities. Whether or not he's right on the particulars, it's an appealing mindset and a compelling vision.

Kemp displays an unfailing dignity and civility, even when dealing with truly obnoxious protestors. (Such as the ones whose cries of "Chicano power!" were drowning out his wife's talk in her hometown of Fillmore, California.) He insists that Bill Clinton and Al Gore are "our opponents, not our enemies." FDR, JFK, Hubert Humphrey: Kemp conjures up more dead liberals than the First Lady. At his best, this irenicism elevates politics. But it can easily degenerate into the Rodney King school of conservatism ("Can't we all just get along?"). He won't "go negative": he told the *Today* show, "Nobody can tell me to do something I cannot do." The traditional metaphor for politics has been warfare, not football. (No, fans, they're not the same thing.) But the notion of politics as civil combat is lost on Kemp.

Kemp's stump speech includes the line, "Out of many we must become one." Taken seriously, as a hardheaded project rather than an airy sentiment, that ambition would require rigorous thought and action. Is Kemp willing to act on the implications? He has been notably unhelpful to the California Civil Rights Initiative for the repeal of race and gender preferences, offering lukewarm support coupled with stern warnings not to "tear up the state of California." Ward Connerly, chairman of the campaign for CCRI, notes that the civil-rights movement of the Fifties and Sixties was also "divisive" (which doesn't stop Kemp from chiding conservatives for having been on the wrong side).

One can sometimes detect a whiff of racial condescension in Kemp's rhetoric. Take his praise, however qualified, for Louis Farrakhan: it's impossible to imagine him speaking similarly about a white bigot who supported "family values." (To judge from his speech in Union, Kemp may share Farrakhan's fascination with numerology: "Four children, and 11 grandchildren, which adds up to 15, and I wore 15, and that's the size of the tax cut you will get.") Yet there is a rough equality to his condescension: it embraces black and white alike. His pose as *the* racially enlightened Republican can exasperate his allies.

NOTABLY absent from Kemp's rhetoric is any tragic sense of life, any sense of evil—which is another way of saying that he lacks a conservative sensibility. He told the crowd in Union, "That's what it means to be an American: to have nothing stand in your way, no barriers." Fr. Richard John Neuhaus, editor of the religious conservative journal *First Things*, finds in Kemp's politics traces of Christian Science, the faith of his youth, with its emphasis on the positive disposition of the will rather than on Original

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

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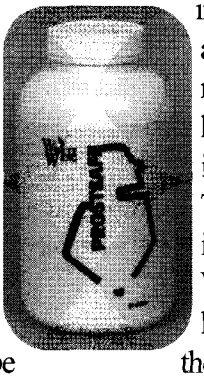

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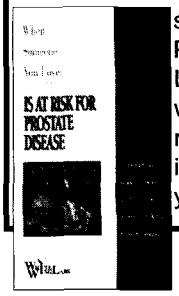

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Sin. "Jack's a throwback—and I mean that in a positive and complimentary sense—to a strain of can-do Americanism that believes that there is an answer to every problem, and that the answer is basically in the human will and the human mind." So, for Kemp, sustaining a free society is easy. All capitalism takes is access to capital; the inner city will bloom once we crack down on redlining. And faster economic growth is an adequate substitute for welfare reform.

What links Kemp's positions on immigration, abortion, and economics is the view that people are assets, not liabilities

Yet the standard charge that Kemp is too economistic—that, as Pat Buchanan says, he believes in *Homo economicus*—isn't entirely true. "He's way ahead of the pack of other politicians in his understanding of religion and public life," says Neuhaus. His thoughtful speech on that subject at this year's Christian Coalition conference has won him (and its drafter, Mike Gerson) plaudits. More than any other public figure besides William Bennett, Kemp talks about the importance of the "mediating structures" of church, family, and civic groups. Within the Dole campaign, Kemp has been pushing for more attention on the horror of partial-birth abortion.

Kemp's intellect, too, gets unfairly knocked behind the closed doors of Republican insiders. True, he has the rough edges and ungainly enthusiasms of the self-taught, and he heeds to the sometimes-eccentric counsel of Jude Wanniski. But, as James Pinkerton points out, "Kemp was smart enough to identify the single biggest intellectual movement to hit the Republican Party in the last half-century, which was the supply-side movement, and lead it." Supply-sider Alan Reynolds says, "I think Jack is a little more serious than people give him credit for being. This isn't to say that he can handle every possible criticism—he can handle most of them—or that he can't be led astray by an argument that sounds good on the face of it but really isn't." He was the only major politician to provide a largely accurate critique of the Mexican devaluation and bailout of late 1994, and he appears to have arrived at it on his own.

His campaign does, however, leave him open to the charge of self-indulgence. His ostentatious refusal to go negative—the normal job of a vice-presidential nominee—is one example. Another is his disinclination to talk about the centerpiece of Dole's platform, the 15 per cent tax cut: instead of quantifying its benefits, Kemp mentions it as "a down payment" on radical tax reform (reviving an argument he lost, and probably deserved to lose, within the campaign). And then there's Kemp's failure, novel in his career, to court Reagan Democrats. One former Kemp staffer says, "What I hear everywhere I go is, When are they going to unleash Kemp? Where's Jack?" The answer: He's at the New Jersey Black Issues Convention in New Brunswick, a resolutely liberal gathering. Or he's in Harlem, or somewhere else where the Republican ticket won't win many votes. These visits may be reassuring to moderate suburbanites. Still, says longtime Kemp advisor Lawrence Kudlow, "He needs to hang out with more football fans in near-in suburbs of Pittsburgh and Detroit and places like that where this election will be won or lost."

Neither Kemp nor Dole has ever won a campaign involving a large, competitive electorate. This year probably won't change that record. Regardless, Kemp will still have a claim on conservative attentions. David Frum, who critiqued Kemp vigorously in *Dead Right*, says that Kemp is "an old flame" for conservatives: when he reappears after some years, they remember his attractions and forget what made him so impossible. Both traits were on display at the Black Issues Convention. In the midst of his rambling peroration, he declared, "This is the *most . . . exciting . . . world . . . in history*"—raising, not for the first time, the question of what planet he is living on. Wherever it is, no doubt it's an inviting place. □

Not in Arkansas, Anymore

RICH LOWRY

Luba Kolomytseva

LITTLE ROCK

AT A televised debate with his Republican opponent, Rep. Tim Hutchinson, it's sometimes hard to hear the voice of Arkansas Democratic senatorial candidate Winston Bryant over the sound of TV sets being turned off all around the state. Dressed in a blue blazer and grey slacks straight out of a Sears catalogue, the 58-year-old Bryant tries to be inoffensive while sticking relentlessly to the national Democratic script of portraying Republicans as "extremists" bent on gutting popular programs. The result is a stilted performance—"Tim and Newt Gingrich voted to cut . . ." is the refrain—delivered in a painfully awkward style. At one point, he attacks Hutchinson for cutting the "Drug and Safe-Free School" program (a/k/a Safe and Drug-Free Schools).

Maybe you can't argue with success. It's Bryant's eighth run for statewide office, and he has won the previous seven times (he has been Secretary of State, Lieutenant Governor, and now, in his first real job, Attorney General). But the repetitions of politics, the compromises and insincerity it so often entails, tend to squeeze some of the humanity out of its practitioners; with Bryant there just doesn't seem to be

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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much left. The day after the debate he holds a press conference to attack Hutchinson for—what else?—gutting Medicare. When Bryant briefly sits among the dozen senior citizens on hand for the event, he forces a series of smiles that seem like nervous tics, squirms, and jerks his head around with bird-like quickness, so ill at ease there is almost something repulsive about him.

Among the things the Republicans forgot in the euphoria of 1994 is the primacy of personality in politics

Indeed, Bryant is reminiscent of no political figure so much as the Penguin running for mayor of Gotham in one of the Batman movies; you almost expect him to reach into his pocket—"whant, whant"—and start gnawing on a raw fish (which he surely would do if he thought it would help him get elected). Bryant, despite all his statewide success, has rarely been tested, and in his few close races has resorted to late, well-financed barrages of negative advertising. He is the perfect standard bearer for an Arkansas Democratic Party that, for the moment at least, is running mostly on fumes. The state is ripe for the historic GOP re-alignment already sweeping the rest of the South, and a Hutchinson victory would be a crucial step along the way.

A graduate of Bob Jones University, Tim Hutchinson was a Baptist minister when, in 1980, he read a book decrying the lack of evangelical involvement in politics that prompted him to make the plunge himself. He won a State House race in 1984, and in 1992 moved on to Congress in Arkansas's traditionally Republican 3rd District. He was mindful of the nuts and bolts of representing his district. At the same time, he shared the ethos of 1994's large GOP freshman class. When he was a freshman himself, he worked tirelessly, and successfully, to push the GOP welfare-reform bill to the right and to make the $500-per-child tax credit a party staple. This year he hesitated before giving up his safe House seat—which his brother Asa is likely to win—to run for a Senate seat never won by a Republican.

But, here he is. Arkansas is a small, small place. It's easy to see how jokers like Jim and Susan McDougal could have become high rollers here. The whole state feels like a small town. Which is why Arkansans expect to meet their politicians, and have a taste for hyper-personable ones like the Democratic trifecta of Dale Bumpers, David Pryor, and Bill Clinton. Hutchinson, a youthful looking 47, fits the tradition perfectly. During his debate with Bryant, he wields rhetorical daggers with such good-natured aplomb they might as well be butter knives. And when he greets voters there is still the pleasant whiff of a minister shaking his parishioners' hands at the church door.

He spends a lot of time in the south and east of the state. Northwest Arkansas, Republican-leaning since the Civil War and now booming thanks to homegrown entrepreneurs like Wal-Mart's late Sam Walton, is his stronghold. Winning depends on racking up big numbers there, while holding down Bryant's margin in the yellow-dog Democrat south and east. Once politically and economically dominant, the region has been in decline for about thirty years since the bottom fell out of agriculture. Stumping in the rural town of England (pop.: 3,362), where half the store-fronts along Main Street are empty, Hutchinson bounces from hardware store to tractor outlet to Chrysler dealership in search of scattered clumps of voters.

Most of them are middle-aged, weathered-looking white guys, dragging on cigarettes and sipping coffee from Styrofoam cups. Hutchinson is greeted with wry good humor. Saw you on TV last night, one fella tells Hutchinson. You did? Didn't listen to you, though. Most potential voters want to know, If you got up so early in the morning, why didn't you go duck hunting? But Hutchinson is encouraged that at least one voter tells him the label "Republican" isn't such a bad word any more, and, indeed, in this most retail of politicking, Hutchinson excels. The question is whether Bryant, who takes his cue from the party in Washington with an exquisite exactness, can succeed in defining him as a Newt Gingrich clone anyway.

The odds are against it. First, Hutchinson's personality mitigates against the charge. Among the things Republicans forgot in the euphoria of 1994 is the primacy of personality in politics. Gingrich himself, frankly (as he, no doubt, would put it), personified this forgetfulness, utterly lacking the reassuring quality people look for in politicians. Hutchinson has it in spades. Second, even as Bryant characterizes the GOP agenda as a litany of "cuts, cuts, cuts" Hutchinson inoculates himself by pointing to all the GOP legislation signed by the President. This bi-partisanship undercuts Bob Dole, but is a boon for congressional incumbents. In an exaggerated version of the formula that will apply to GOP candidates nationwide in the event of a Clinton landslide, Hutchinson has to capture at least 10 points of the Clinton vote in Arkansas to survive.

He entered the race trailing by 11, but his latest internal poll has him up by 10. It will be closer than that, but with his emphasis on middle-class tax cuts, his Contract-lite agenda of term-limits, crime and drug control, and balancing the budget, and his soft-spoken social conservatism (his reasoned yet forthright defense of his pro-life position should be copied and distributed to every pro-life politician in the country), Hutchinson looks like the favorite. Bryant, meanwhile, when not reading from his script, has spent the last few weeks trying to explain why his office muffed three recent murder and rape cases. If Hutchinson wins, it will be another throb in the Clinton hangover affecting Arkansas Democrats. The long-serving Clinton—12 years in the governor's mansion—froze out new talent, and all that's left is hacks like Bryant.

NOW, it's the GOP that has the rising stars. Besides Hutchinson, there's new governor Mike Huckabee, the phenomenally popular Republican replacement for disgraced former governor Jim Guy Tucker. Huckabee, the former president of the half-million-member Arkansas Baptist State Convention, will be able to fill literally thousands of state-appointed jobs if he wins a full four-year term in 1998, creating a power base the GOP has never had. The state party for the first time has the resources to undertake a major recruitment drive for GOP legislative candidates. And the party could win three of the state's four congressional seats this year. Meanwhile, a Senator Hutchinson would prove the enduring appeal of the basic GOP message. There's life after Dole, maybe especially in Bill Clinton's Arkansas. □

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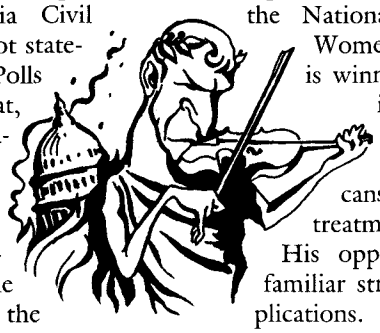
BREAD & CIRCUSES

SACRAMENTO

CALIFORNIA is the incubator in which the conservatism that remade American politics in the last two decades was hatched. Could it happen again?

This November California's voters will be the first in the nation to be given the chance, in the form of Proposition 209—a/k/a the California Civil Rights Initiative—to uproot state-sponsored discrimination. Polls continue to indicate that, despite an ugly disinformation battle against CCRI, they will support it by a wide margin. And for a heartening reason. Its opponents have been unable to overcome the appeal of the simple (and quintessentially American) sentiment it expresses: "The state shall not discriminate against, or grant preferential treatment to, any individual or group on the basis of race, sex, color, ethnicity, or national origin in the operation of public employment, or public contracting."



If California's spoils system, cloaked in euphemisms and enforced by bureaucrats, is facing elimination, this is owing to the courageous efforts of a handful of citizens. They dared to go where politicians fear to tread. The initiative was conceived and drafted by two university professors, Glynn Custred and Thomas Wood. The campaign behind it is chaired by businessman Ward Connerly, a regent of the University of California, who led last year's successful fight to end racial and ethnic preferences at the University's nine campuses. Last spring, with the fate of Proposition 209 in doubt, Connerly asked a Washington audience, "Is it too presumptuous of me to say that one person can indeed make a difference?" If the voters approve CCRI, one person will have made all the difference.

Over the past months, Connerly has persevered in the face of vicious personal attacks while more timid officeholders defected from his cause. They lacked his unswerving belief in Americans' "passion for fairness." In Congress there was a retreat from the proposed repeal of federal preferences. And although Connerly's efforts have been strongly supported by Governor Pete Wilson, they were cold-shouldered by Bob Dole and criticized by Jack Kemp.

But a recent debate between Connerly and the president of the state chapter of the National Organization for Women showed why CCRI is winning. Connerly stated in the simplest terms why he had joined the battle: "All Americans are entitled to equal treatment before the law." His opponent produced the familiar string of worried complications. She labeled CCRI divisive, gave her own version of Bill Clinton's "Mend it, don't end it," and praised Kemp's recent refusal to campaign on a "wedge issue" that could "tear up the state of California."

For his part, Kemp maintains that he supports the initiative, but he has recently adopted a key position of CCRI's opponents—that race is one of several legitimate factors to consider in college admissions. To Connerly this kind of thing plays into the hands of those who are only to happy to exploit doublespeak and evasions in defense of preferences. He points out drily that a year ago universities were denying any use of racial and ethnic preferences, but the morning's papers reported school officials' estimates that the number of members of "underrepresented minorities" at their institutions could drop by 50 to 70 per cent as a result of eliminating preferences.

Governor Pete Wilson, a strong supporter, has found that the antidote to such disinformation is Prop. 209's straightforward wording. In public appearances he brings along a large copy of the initiative. This makes it hard for opponents to charge that it "really" equals the restoration of Jim Crow. The governor relates a TV encounter he had with Jesse Jackson. "[T]he rather liberal moderator said, 'Well, Reverend Jackson, what do you say to that? That's pretty clear—clear plain language. It says what it says.' And of course he starts to blubber and dither off."

Jesse Jackson's speechlessness proved temporary, however, and he was soon likening Wilson to George Wallace at a "sparsely attended" demonstration outside the Capitol. Jackson was making a bus tour of the state with Eleanor Smeal of the Feminist Majority to drum up opposition to CCRI. But so far there has been more rhetoric than rallying round. The CCRI fight has not commanded the kind of attention, let alone passion, that Prop. 187 attracted two years ago. Other propositions on the ballot have been the subject of media campaigns, but not a single ad has yet been run against CCRI.

Its supporters had feared that the civil-rights and women's groups aligned against CCRI would launch a well-funded assault in the campaign's closing weeks. That could still happen—a lavish Hollywood fundraiser is scheduled shortly. Unless it is a really massive ad campaign, however, Attorney General Dan Lungren predicts that the initiative will pass. He speculates that elected Democrats have not joined the fray because "they've figured out they can't win on it."

BUT one elected Democrat thought he had the winning formula. San Francisco Mayor Willie Brown urged initiative opponents to defeat CCRI by putting "a white woman's face on it." So the latest criticism has been against an innocuous clause that tracks language from the 1964 Civil Rights Act to permit "bona-fide qualifications based on sex." Feminists make the absurd claim that this language would permit full-scale discrimination against women. The clause was added so that narrow exceptions could be made to the stronger prohibition against sex discrimination in CCRI. (For example, the state could prohibit male guards from frisking women prisoners.)

But this feminist scare campaign doesn't seem to be working either—perhaps because most women don't believe that they've benefited from preferences. Indeed, the campaign has failed to persuade large numbers of any group, women or men, Republicans or Democrats, whites or Latinos. The only ones frightened off by scare tactics have been politicians. —KATE O'BEIRNE

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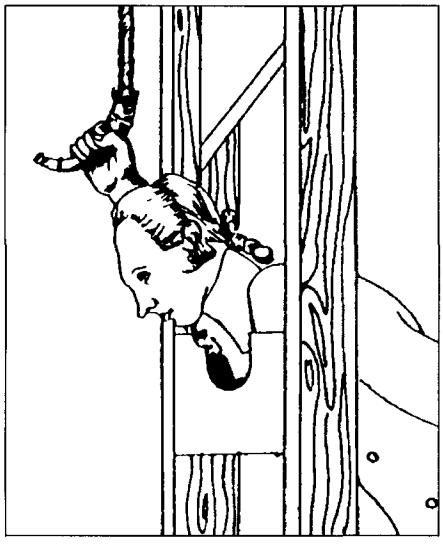
ON THE SCENE

Why France Doesn't Work

JOHN LAUGHLAND



Michael Andreev

PARIS

WHENEVER there are major protest movements in France, memories of May 1968 resurface. Last December saw massive industrial unrest, and the entire civil service is due to strike on October 17. But any comparison with 1968 unfortunately overestimates the capacity of France—as of Europe in general—to undertake radical change in the near future. More probable than a revolution is something far more prosaic: a slump.

To be sure, France is a revolutionary country, and the street is home to more genuine political activity than the political institutions of the state. It is also a well-established cliché—propagated with equal vigor by people on the Left, the Center–Right, and the extreme Right—to denounce "the establishment" and to demand a "fundamental rupture" with the existing system.

Such calls are certainly justified. Like the political systems of most other Continental countries, France's is corrupt and sclerotic. A clutch of well-known public figures—cabinet ministers, senior parliamentarians, mayors, and leading industrialists—are currently either in prison or the subject of very serious judicial investigation. And other scandals—such as the revelation, made over three years ago, that François Mitterrand tapped the telephones of senior politicians, journalists, and judges—grind on remorselessly.

These problems are in turn caused by the corporatist structures of French politics. Being in hock to the competing claims of trade unions, trade associations, political parties, the civil service, and the health and Social Security establishments, European governments have essentially the same aim as that of the old Habsburg Empire; to achieve the lowest possible level of mutual dissatisfaction. But a government's inability to rise above such squabbles and act in the name of the common good is severely deleterious of the rule of law, and of any notion of individual responsibility before it.

Unfortunately, because the ordinary Continental European looks to his government for protection—if he is frustrated with it, that is because it cannot provide protection—the governments are themselves encouraged to behave in these semi-feudal ways, which are incompatible with the rule of law. Yet the rule of law, being the *sine qua non* for the free market, provides the only real cure for corruption and economic stagnation alike. Similarly, those who idly call for fundamental change do not generally understand the link between justice in general and the free market in particular. Therefore, by attacking the latter, they show themselves in fact to be in profound agreement with the very system they claim to reject.

To see the fundamental agreement across the political divide, it is important to grasp a great paradox: the process of economic integration in Europe, and especially the proposal of monetary union—both of which are absolutely central to French policy, and which are often defended with the language of the free market—are not intended to facilitate free trade or to encourage liberalization at all. They are intended instead to create a unified economic "space" which, as French and German politicians tirelessly repeat, will enable "the European model" to be preserved against the encroachments of "Anglo-Saxon values." Horst Kohler, the chief German negotiator of Maastricht and now a senior banker, told German bankers meeting on the fringe of the International Monetary Fund summit in Washington, D.C., last month that they should stick to "the German way" in the face of the globalizing economy, and reject "Anglo-Saxon standards like shareholder value, transparent balances, and short-termism."

It is this policy which is suffocating the French economy. During the 1995 presidential election, Jacques Chirac made employment the centerpiece of his campaign. Once elected, he declared that all his policies would be directed to the single aim of fighting unemployment. But from August to September 1995, unemployment among French youth rose by 5.1 per cent; it rose by 1.3 per cent in August 1996 alone. General unemployment now stands at 12.6 per cent, a full percentage point higher than at the same time last year. These figures are the worst since 1993, when the economy was in recession. The government's prediction of an "economic springtime" at the beginning of 1996 wore increas-

European governments have essentially the same aim as that of the old Habsburg Empire: to achieve the lowest possible level of mutual dissatisfaction

Mr. Laughland is the author of The Tainted Source: the Undemocratic Origins of the European Idea, *which will be published by Little Brown in London in December.*

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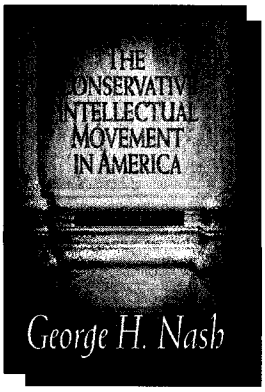

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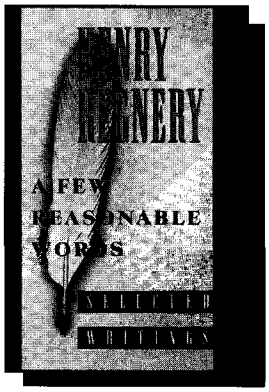

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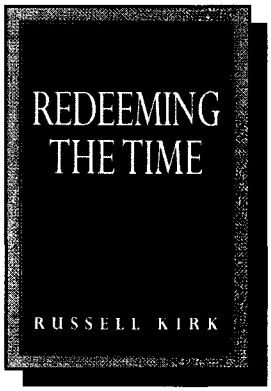

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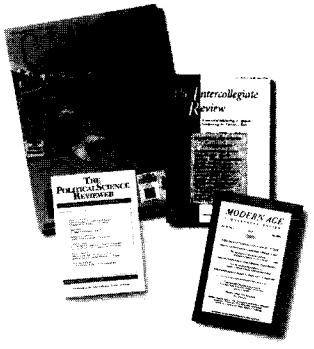

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ingly thin as the year went on until it, like the meteorological spring and summer themselves, simply failed to materialize. Various prominent economists and politicians are thus now comparing France's present situation to that of the United States in the 1930s.

This principal cause of economic stagnation—French alignment to German monetary policy—is defended in the name of the single European market and the fight against inflation. But if this were the real aim, Germany is obviously not the only country in the world one might choose to emulate. The U.S., after all, has had low inflation for years, coupled with a dynamic growth, low unemployment, and low indebtedness of which Europeans can only dream.

Yet no French politician would ever contemplate openly following the American or even the British model. As a recent book on the history of the *franc fort* policy has revealed, the former French finance minister, Pierre Beregovoy, once flirted with the idea of an Anglo–French rapprochement on monetary policy. But President Mitterrand, his boss, snapped at him, "There will be no change in our alliance. Our ally is Germany! The British are allied with the United States!" Nothing in this regard has changed since Chirac came to power. Proclaimed free-market objectives, in other words, play second fiddle to other, overriding, geopolitical and cultural/economic imperatives.

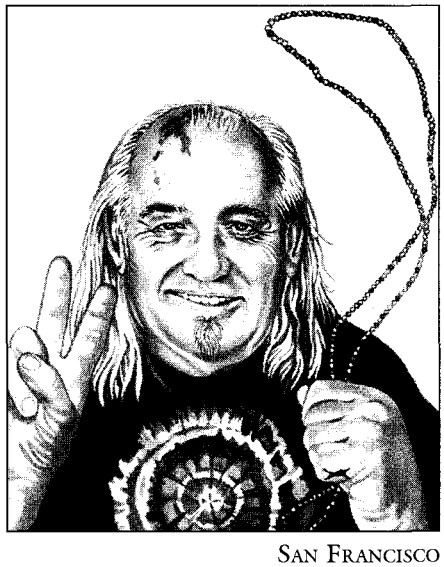
If the French government is determined to use European union as a means by which to stand up to world liberalization, that government's political opponents all agree with this fundamental orientation. The main standard-bearer of the free-market Right, the former finance minister, Alain Madelin, has called for causing interest rates to fall "as close as possible to zero, as the United States did in 1991." Yet he rules out any rejection of the single currency, which is the unique obstacle to such a policy. And although he claims to be in favor of liberating the forces of free enterprise, he has declared himself "comparable to a moderate German Christian Democrat." To call oneself a Thatcherite or a Reaganite, after all, is political death in France.

Similarly, the populist right-wing president of the National Assembly, Philippe Séguin, attacks Europe for not being protectionist enough. In 1993, he railed against "a social Munich"—i.e., a policy of appeasement, presumably toward the United States—when Europe agreed to the last GATT round. By the same token, the prominent union leader Marc Blondel, a Trotskyist, who will be leading October's bout of industrial unrest, denounces "an ultra-free-market Europe" and the "economic War" being waged by the United States.

All strands of opinion, in other words, are under the illusion that European union, designed this way or that, can prevent France and the rest of Continental Europe from having to undertake structural change. This, indeed, is the true legacy of 14 years of a Socialist president: not so much an attachment to explicitly left-wing dogma (although the devotion to Europe's bankrupt Social Security systems is as atavistic as it is irrational) but rather a strange addiction to illusions, and a simple cowardice in the face of difficult challenge. It is, in short, the culture of decline. □

Gorbaloney

URI DOWBENKO



Bonnie T. Gardner

SAN FRANCISCO

IF YOU think it's hard working full time, raising a family, or running a business, try running the world.

The headaches are tremendous. The "useless eaters" keep multiplying and using up your food, your oil, your minerals. The "useful idiots," the global gofers and asset managers of your planet, can hardly ever do anything right. Plus, you have to make sure they're not skimming too much off the top.

However, help is on the way. Sponsored by the Gorbachev Foundation U.S.A., the second annual State of the World Forum was held at the superposh Fairmont Hotel, a global networking opportunity for globalist types. Bureaucrats, technocrats, ideologues, policy-makers, former politicians, and other celebrities got together to make sure the right message was getting out.

What is that message? Nuclear-arms control ("elimination of nuclear weapons"). Gun control ("a Global Code that would ban transfer of arms"). Chemical control (elimination of production and use of "toxic chemicals"). The operative word here, you understand, is control. The attendees got a warm fuzzy feeling from knowing they have things well in hand.

And who attended this confabulation? This was not your ordinary everyday variety of limousine liberal. This was "a namedroppers' dream," gushed the media. Besides, of course, former Soviet frontman Mikhail Gorbachev, himself, there were Israel's former Prime Minister Shimon Peres, feminists Betty Friedan and Bella Abzug, primatologist Jane Goodall, Haiti's former President and UN darling Jean-Bertrand Aristide, former California Senator Alan Cranston, former President of Costa Rica and Nobel Peace Prize winner Oscar Arias, author John Naisbitt (*Megatrends*), and a supporting cast of hundreds.

Gorby himself gave the keynote address, raising what he called the issues of "twenty-first-century globalization." He talked about the "death of many peoples from epidemics and wars" and declared that the "alternative is a managed process." As in crisis management, asset management, and risk management. The Global Ruling Class hates those pesky unplanned situations.

Gorby naturally said there should be a new role for the United Nations. He used statistics such as, "73 per cent of people polled said that the UN, not the U.S., should take the role" of global policeman, or, "84 per cent spoke in fa-

Mr. Dowbenko is chairman and CEO of New Improved Entertainment, P. O. Box 43, Pray—OK, you guessed it—Montana 59065.

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vor of the UN's right to institute pollution taxes on toxic waste." Now I don't personally remember voting in that poll, but I'm sure those results came from *somewhere*.

Gorbachev received less than 1 per cent of the vote this year, considerably down from his previous 99.5 per cent

Then Gorbachev said he was shocked. Yes, shocked: "Congress suddenly granted the Pentagon more money than they requested, $11 billion more. . . . The remaining superpower threatened by no one. What kind of signal does that send to other countries?"

The audience was rapt. The Great Man, who received less than 1 per cent of the vote in the recent Russian election—considerably down from his previous 99.5 per cent—was in the United States to tell the people how things should be. The frustration of an ex-dictator without gainful employment was tangible, but here he had a forum. Literally it was his forum, and he could really speak his mind.

When Gorbachev started praising Hazel Henderson, I knew I had better watch out. Billed as an economist, futurist, and human ecologist, Miss Henderson is the author of a book called *Paradigms in Progress: Life Beyond Economics*.

And what exactly is "life beyond economics"? "New definitions of a new world order must include security from environmental pollution, poverty, hunger, and diseases; secure work based on a well-run economy, a sound infrastructure, roads, railways, and public buildings; and security from crime and illegal drugs," she writes. "Now is the time for debate on the ways of shifting the world's priorities and redirecting the current $1 trillion a year spent on weapons toward investments in the areas of health, education, and environmental restoration." It's not such a big step—from today's corporate socialism in America to international socialism on a global scale.

The grand finale was a Public Forum at Masonic Auditorium, moderated by BBC anchor Tim Sebastian. The subject was Global Security, and the panelists were Gorbachev himself, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, and Shimon Peres. When Gorby kept talking and talking and talking, Mr. Sebastian diplomatically allowed him to go on, encouraged by Gorbachev's comment, "I will not let you interrupt." It must have been a sweet reminder of the old Soviet Politburo, when an apparatchik could speak to his heart's content, unhindered by limitations of time.

As you can imagine in an era of planetary decentralization of power, the One World crowd is finding that it has to come up with a new methodology—a New Paradigm, as they say.

Hence the State of the World Forum for this network of globalists, elite types, and just plain folks seduced by the idea of peace, love, brotherhood, and a free power lunch. □

Freedom for Flanders

PAUL BELIEN

Alan Nahigian

BRUSSELS

BELGIUM was briefly front-page news all over the world after police discovered the bodies of several murdered children and teenagers and after a former cabinet minister was arrested on charges of murdering a colleague. Furthermore, the scandals that are rocking this small kingdom have proved to be linked to endemic political corruption. These links call the continued existence of the country itself into question.

Belgium is an artificial state comprising the Dutch-speaking region of Flanders in the north and the French-speaking region of Wallonia in the south. It was carved out of the Netherlands in 1830 after French agents had instigated a separatist revolt in Brussels by the Walloons. Even though 60 per cent of the people of the new country were Dutch-speaking Flemings, the country was governed by a French-speaking elite.

After World War II it was no longer possible to avoid some semblance of majority rule. However, the Francophone elite that had been ruling the country anticipated the winds of change and carefully wrote into the new constitution a federal system with each of the two regions having veto power over any change in the Belgian political system. Hence, the majority within the minority group can, for the sake of national unity, overrule the majority of the majority group, and even the majority of the country as a whole.

This matters particularly because, also after World War II, Belgium, like the rest of Western Europe, became a welfare state where money from certain groups is taken by the state to be distributed among other groups. Since the oldest, most outdated industries are based in Wallonia, which produces only 30 per cent of the country's wealth, the Walloons have been at the receiving end of the bulk of the government's largesse, and it is the Flemings who are footing the bill.

With the welfare state in crisis all over Europe, many countries are considering lowering taxes and curbing government expenditure. In Flanders conservatives eager to cut back government are in the majority. In Wallonia, however, a majority of politicians want to keep the situation as it is, with Flanders annually paying 10 per cent of its gross regional product to Wallonia. As no government in Belgium can be formed without the approval of a majority in *both* Flanders and Wallonia, the Francophone Socialists had ensured themselves an almost permanent reign.

Mr. Belien is a journalist in Belgium.

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Then came the events of this past August. First, Belgian police found and freed two children who had been abducted and kept imprisoned by a pedophile in a dungeon he had built near Charleroi, the second largest town in Wallonia. The police also discovered the bodies of two small girls whom the same man, Marc Dutroux, had abducted last year in Grace-Hollogne, a suburb of Liège, Wallonia's largest city. The two little girls, Julie and Mélissa, after months of imprisonment during which they were raped and abused (the proceedings being recorded on videotape), had been starved to death. Then in early September, the police found the bodies of two young women who had been abducted and murdered by Dutroux and his accomplices. Police officers suspect that these were not Dutroux's only victims in the course of the past four years. They are currently searching for more bodies.

Social Services had granted Dutroux 'invalid' status, because he had suffered psychological damage as a result of his three years in prison

Belgium is in shock, not only because of the atrocity of Dutroux's crimes, but because there is evidence that he was protected by the judicial and political authorities. In 1989, he was convicted of the rape of five young children and sentenced to 13 years imprisonment. His sentence was shortened twice—once in 1990, when an amnesty was granted for the 60th birthday of the king, and again in 1991, on the occasion of an amnesty for the 40th anniversary of the king's accession to the throne. Then, in 1992, Dutroux was released by the then minister of justice for his good conduct in jail.

After his release, Dutroux received government checks amounting to 80,000 francs ($2,700) a month from the Belgian social-service system. Social Services had granted Dutroux "invalid" status, because he had suffered psychological damage as a result of his three years in prison and, hence, was unable to work for a living. Declaring people "invalids" is one of the methods by which the Socialists in Wallonia buy themselves clients. Some regions in Wallonia have the highest percentage of invalids in the whole of Europe.

With a monthly check from the welfare state and with loads of free time, Dutroux worked out his demonic plans. Together with Michelle Martin, his girlfriend and chief accomplice, he bought houses all over Wallonia and started building dungeons in which to imprison children. The Belgian taxpayers, including the parents of the girls who were murdered by Dutroux, were literally subsidizing this man. Whether or not Dutroux was really an "invalid," and how this unemployed invalid could afford nine houses, was never investigated by the authorities. (In Flanders every citizen who buys a house is summoned by the fiscal authorities to account for every penny of the price he is paying, but in some regions of Wallonia, especially in districts dominated by the Socialist Party, these investigations never take place.)

Apart from their pedophilic activities, Dutroux and some of the people he hired to abduct his victims were also involved in car theft and fraud. It would appear that they were protected by highly placed people within the police and the judiciary. As a result of the Dutroux investigation, some officials have been arrested, and more arrests are expected to follow.

Authorities have not yet got to the bottom of the Dutroux case. Meanwhile, however, a second scandal has erupted. Last month police arrested five people for the murder of André Cools, a leading Socialist, in Liège in 1991. One of the people arrested is Alain Van der Biest, a former Socialist cabinet minister and mayor of Grace-Hollogne, the hometown of Julie and Mélissa.

The murder of Cools was apparently organized by Richard Taxquet, who was van der Biest's private secretary when he was still a minister. In the spring of 1991, Cools was involved in a power struggle within the Socialist Party. He seems to have known of the involvement of certain political adversaries, including cabinet ministers, in various cases of corruption. Hence they decided to get rid of him, hiring professional killers from Sicily for the purpose.

In one of the corruption cases Cools knew about, money was brought to Liechtenstein in an official Belgian government car. Another was the Agusta affair, involving bribes paid to the Socialist Party so that the Belgian army would buy Agusta helicopters. As a result of this affair, Willy Claes, who had earlier been the Socialist deputy prime minister of Belgium, had to resign from his post as Secretary-General of NATO. A number of other prominent Socialists still in the Belgian government, including Frank Vandenbroucke, the minister of foreign affairs, also had to go.

The interesting thing is that Taxquet had already been arrested shortly after the murder of Cools, but he was soon released because the investigating judges were taken off the case. After Taxquet was released, Van der Biest offered him a post in the Grace-Hollogne police force, a job which he held until last month. In June, however, some police units launched a new investigation into the Cools affair. As a result of this secret investigation, Taxquet and others who had been primary suspects five years ago were arrested. It is generally expected that, if the investigators are not hampered this time, the arrests of other leading politicians within the Socialist Party will soon follow.

STEFAAN De Clerck, the current minister of justice, has intervened personally these past weeks, in both the Dutroux and the Cools investigations, to assure the policemen and the judges who are now investigating the cases of his total support. De Clerck, who became minister of justice last year, is the first Fleming to hold that post for many years, and he wants to clean up the Belgian judicial system. He might be wise to follow the example of the magistrates investigating the Dutroux and Cools cases and not leave his home or office without bodyguards and a bullet-proof jacket.

The Belgian state is rotten to the core. In July, during the parliamentary debates on revising the welfare system, Claude Eerdekens, the leader of the Walloon Socialists, threatened that Wallonia would blow up Belgium (and join France!) if the money from Flanders diminished. Unless the fundamental democratic principle of majority rule is restored in Belgium, the efforts to root out corruption can lead only to Belgium's falling apart. □

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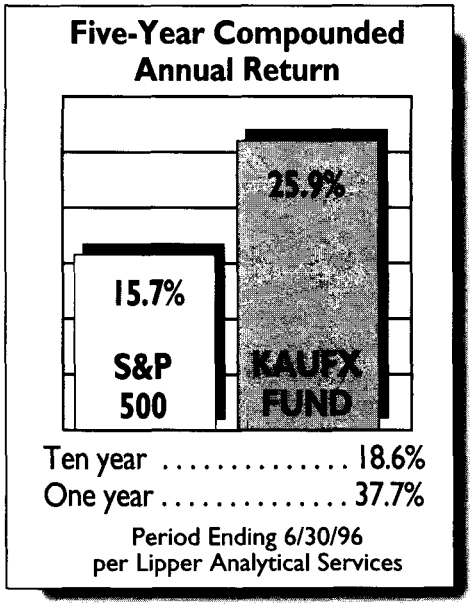

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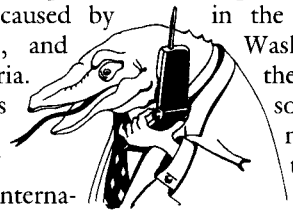
GEKKO

THE life span of international bankers seems to be shortening to something approximating that of fruit flies. In the old days—that is, four or five years ago—there was some memory among them of past problems on their balance sheets caused by overlending, loose terms, and general market euphoria. That knowledge now seems to be lost.



The annual meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund were held in Washington at the beginning of the month, and, for my sins, I went. While the entertaining style has been scaled down over the years, from imperial to merely regal, there was more business being done than ever. And an entire generation of bankers had disappeared. These were the older glad-handers with great Rolodexes—the paper kind. There was much to despise about them, including their shallow analyses, their roles in the debt debacles of the Seventies and Eighties, and their snobbishness, self-dealing, and expense-account excesses. But they did have a couple of things going for them: the burn scars from their previous mistakes and some personal style.

Another sort of international banker has taken their place. The new breed can find and effectively manipulate far more data. They attempt to quantify risks with statistical tools that their predecessors couldn't understand. But they're going to get into their very own disasters. Such as, for example, "emerging-market local-currency short-term instruments."

If this sounds like an obscure topic to you, trust me, your mutual-fund management company will be sending you a prospectus in the mail about these sometime next year. The idea, of course, is that you will be given the opportunity to get something for nothing. Sound familiar? The "something" you will get is a high-yielding short-term money-market instrument, sort of a T-bill on steroids and methamphetamine. The "nothing" you pay is risk premium. The idea is that a basket, say, of Argentine, Malaysian, South African, and Venezuelan short-term paper will have a high composite interest rate. As one banker putting together a fund for this "product" earnestly explained to me in the restaurant at the Sheraton Washington, "The volatility on the basket is around 4 per cent, so you can see the paper is non-correlated." Translated into English, this means that if you follow his methodology, investing in these markets will be about one-quarter as risky as the S&P 500, because when the value of one piece of paper in the basket goes down another will go up. Or that's the way it would have worked over the past couple of years.

Yes, maybe. What happens when the U.S. and other major economies go into recession and they stop making new loans to these countries or buying new bond issues from them? From seeing not much risk in these countries, the markets will some day see nothing but risk. Then it won't be a question of whether the local currency baskets pay 12 per cent or 15 per cent, but whether the central banks of these countries will allow any interest payments to be expatriated. What my computer-literate young friend doesn't remember is that this has happened before.

■ If the young, laptop-toting emerging-markets crowd is a little less well informed than their self conception, and a little too eager to pursue financial innovation, you can still sympathize with their enthusiasm. The cynicism of the European Monetary Union advocates is a lot more troubling.

I ran into one of these people, a prominent European monetary economist, at the Republic Bank party, the venue of choice for room working. How did he think the monstrosity of Maastricht could possibly work?

"It's obvious that it can work only if there are free labor markets throughout Europe," he replied.

"You mean that people should decide that they won't be southern Italian peasants any more, and should transform themselves into Danish software engineers?"

"If that's what's called for, yes."

I thought about that one for a minute. "How can the members of monetary union manage their national debt if they can no longer control their monetary policy? Especially with these huge mounds of bonds to roll over and refinance?"

"Oh, that's obvious. There has to be one European budget. You can't have national fiscal policies."

The only problem with this man's reasoning is that this wasn't the package that was sold to the nations that are being roped into this deal. To put it bluntly, the central bankers and finance ministers—and those private financial and commercial people who wanted a single Europe imposed from the top down—have lied, and lied repeatedly, about what they were doing. They will be caught at it, and the resulting anti-unity reaction and the political and strategic consequences will be trouble of their own making.

"They're looking for the bottom line."

■ I've just migrated to Windows 95, and in the process wound up subscribing to the Microsoft network. I didn't realize that at the time I was also making an ideological choice. For example, in the Microsoft Bookshelf, a computerized reference library, there are three quotes from the left-wing Washington "journalist" Barbara Ehrenreich for one from Bill Buckley. And *Slate*, Microsoft's own Web-based magazine, has employed the poisonous Jacob Weisberg as its chief political correspondent. (Weisberg recently left *New York Magazine*.) Apparently Bill Gates is willing to be the employer of last resort for people who, given their way, would make sure that entrepreneurs like him were taxed and regulated out of existence.

—JOHN DIZARD

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In Defense of Elegance

The Content of Form

JOHN SIMON

FASHION, uninformed souls opine, is lowering and raising women's hemlines, widening and narrowing men's lapels. It reflects, they aver, nothing more than the greed of designers and clothing manufacturers, pressuring us to throw out perfectly good clothes before they wear out; or, worse yet, the vengeance of woman-hating homosexual designers on the female sex. There is even a moral ambivalence, as stated by a character in Albert Camus's *The Fall*: "I am well aware that an addiction to silk underwear does not necessarily imply that one's feet are dirty. Nonetheless, style, like sheer silk, too often hides eczema." A sensible person is supposed to ignore the dictates of fashion, and simply be him- or herself. Like all half-truths this may be half true. But there is more to fashion than that, by half.

Fashion answers, or tries to answer, a profound human need: the need for change. Conservatives tend to poohpooh this need, except when they are out of office. The more literate ones will quote you Pascal: "All human misery stems from one sole cause, which is the inability to be at rest in one's room." (One could also render "*demeurer en repos*" as "stay put.") The opposite of *en repos* is restlessness, which is where fashion comes in. Most of us cannot stay in contented repose either in a room or in a palace. We crave change because it is the cure, more or less, of the oldest known malady: boredom.

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

Do not underestimate the relationship boredom : change : fashion. Most simply put, boredom means being fed up with one's life, and change means doing something about it. But most of us are stuck with the sameness that is our destiny. We have scant control over other people, over the world; so we try to change what is changeable about ourselves. We want to feel like a new person; to achieve this, or the illusion of this, a modified appearance is indicated. Even a fresh shoeshine or boutonnière has been known to renew us. A bit.

The great renewer, though, is fashion. We can't do much with our bodies: high heels or platform shoes will add a semblance of height; dieting, no easy task, will make us slimmer, if that happens to be the fashion. We can do a little more with our faces. For women, coiffures and makeup; for men, greater or lesser hirsuteness. But more can be done with clothes: with fashion or, as it used to be called after the French, the mode. Consider Sir George Etherege's 1676 comedy *The Man of Mode*, featuring the ridiculous Sir Fopling Flutter, based on an actual fop, Beau Hewitt. Sir Fopling is "the prince of fops, the perfect product of Parisian taste of the day." Interestingly, he is a man; the earliest known victims of fashion were men. But so, too, were its earliest arbiters, notably Petronius, author of the *Satyricon*.

What cannot clothes do? You have thick legs? They can cover them up. You are short-waisted? The dropped waistline can lengthen your waist. Your behind is large? Flare out the skirt. You're a man with a tummy problem? Here's the double-breasted suit. Your chest isn't manly enough? Padded shoulders can create the illusion. And so on. All changes in fashion benefit some wearers; unfortunately, no fashion benefits everyone.

The reversals of fashion are, when you think of it, amazing. The flappers wanted to look boyish for reasons

Schiaparelli's harlequin hats, 1938

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of sexual equality, so the look became flat-chested, tubular. When women are, or want to be, viewed as either good nursing mothers or sex objects, the breasts become built up or exposed. That calls attention to possible ambiguities. So, too, a bikini may imply equally love of tanning or lust for men. Ambiguities and contradictions are everywhere. In a given year, Paris may decree one thing, London another, Milan a third. Different designers in the same fashion center will diverge: do not expect a Ferre to look like a Versace or an Armani like a Zegna.

And yet, in hindsight, some sort of unison emerges. The Directoire low-cut dress with the high waistline gathered at the bust can be found on both the future Empress Josephine and the beauteous Mme. Récamier. Biedermeier, the less sexy German version, is not all that different. But everything changes, at a dizzying pace. Didn't Heraclitus, way back then, observe that you could not bathe in the same suit twice? Sorry, that was the same river.

Whether or not fashion is an art, it certainly behaves like one. There are the great couturiers, sold or copied by the department stores and boutiques, and all manner of cheap knock-offs. Just as you can hang on your wall an original by Manet, you can hang a Manet imitator or reproduction, or a piece of junk. The same goes for what you hang on your body. Of course, art comes into women's wear more than into men's, but it enters both. Men's ties, vests, shirts, and suspenders have been daring enough to compete with women's fashions. And, like other arts, fashion comes in for censorship. Puritanical societies have always tried to control fashion: Christian Lacroix would have had a hard time of it at the Spanish court in its Habsburg heyday. More significantly, artists have often worked, so to speak, hand in glove with fashion designers; so, for example, Sonia Delaunay created patchwork designs for Jacques Heim coats, worked for a textile company, and influenced Patou and Schiaparelli, among others. So Dali designed fabrics for Schiaparelli, and Saint Laurent co-opted Mondrian for a line of dresses.

Why should fashion be denied the status of art? Because it is functional? Is ceramics not art because one can eat and drink from it? Because it is cosmetic? Yes, it beautifies, but by means of something sewn, constructed—not merely smeared on like a pomade. Clothes, to be sure, wear out, whereas a painting or statue remains; but in the light of today's deliberately perishable art, e.g., Christo's wrappings, permanence seems no longer to be a criterion. Granted fashion differs from other arts in that most of us can participate in creating it, in which case it becomes the art of self-expression.

It can, however, be costly. It takes virtually no money to write a poem or make a drawing. But to dress well, unless you make your own clothes, takes money. Hence modern fashion has bifurcated. For the wealthy, there remain the designers producing expensive *haute couture*. For the rest, there is something new.

Casual wear, leisure clothes and footgear, have taken over much of the clothing trade. Not long ago there was no such thing as Gap, Benneton, Reebok, Banana Republic, Eddie Bauer, and the countless rest. There you can acquire the latest in tight-clinging or loose-fitting, mainly sport-derived clothes, and an endless variety of footwear that looks like a cross between the old sneakers and the Tower of Babel. Until recently few of these clothes, and none of these shoes, would have passed muster in offices and other respectable surroundings; now they are practically everywhere. Symbolically, Nike is opening a superstore in Manhattan next door to Tiffany's. And all over America's cities you can see women dressed properly, even elegantly, going about with Nikes on their feet.

And not just women: fashion designers themselves appear in public in clothes only the riff-raff would be presumed to favor. I can remember how elegant the great fashion designers of yesteryear were—men like Pierre Balmain and Jean Patou, to name but two, were always fashion plates, as is Oscar de la Renta today. But I remember my disappointment on meeting Nino Cerrutti sloppily dressed. Since then something has happened. I first noticed it with the brilliant designer Karl Lagerfeld, who looked to me like a cat-burglar in all-black casual wear and with a pony tail dependent from his boding head. The look seemed all right while he was designing trendy clothes for Chloé; but later, at Chanel? Yet that was nothing compared to the downright malevolent and thuggish look affected by Gianni Versace. And Jean-Paul Gaultier, in his skirts, might frighten little children.

How to explain all this? The casual look of the last decades has something to do with the success of the beatniks, something with the latter-day homosexual camp (as opposed to earlier homosexual chic), but mostly with today's trend toward what I'd call diurnal dishabille. At the recent MTV awards, the audience, as Bob Morris reported in the *New York Times*, consisted of "honchos and junior honchos, some looking as if they couldn't bother to dress, others looking as if they couldn't bother to do anything else." Yet is there really much difference between those extremes? There are clothes from, say, Calvin Klein, Norma Kamali, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren, and Tommy Hilfiger about which one can't be at all sure which social class they cater to. Some people may consider this democratic and good; I myself have doubts.

Take John Galliano, chief designer at Givenchy, "born [35 years ago] in Gibraltar, the son of a Spanish plumber who migrated to England in 1966." The *Times* reporter (Mitchell Owens) describes the heir to the impeccable

Dress by Dior, 1947

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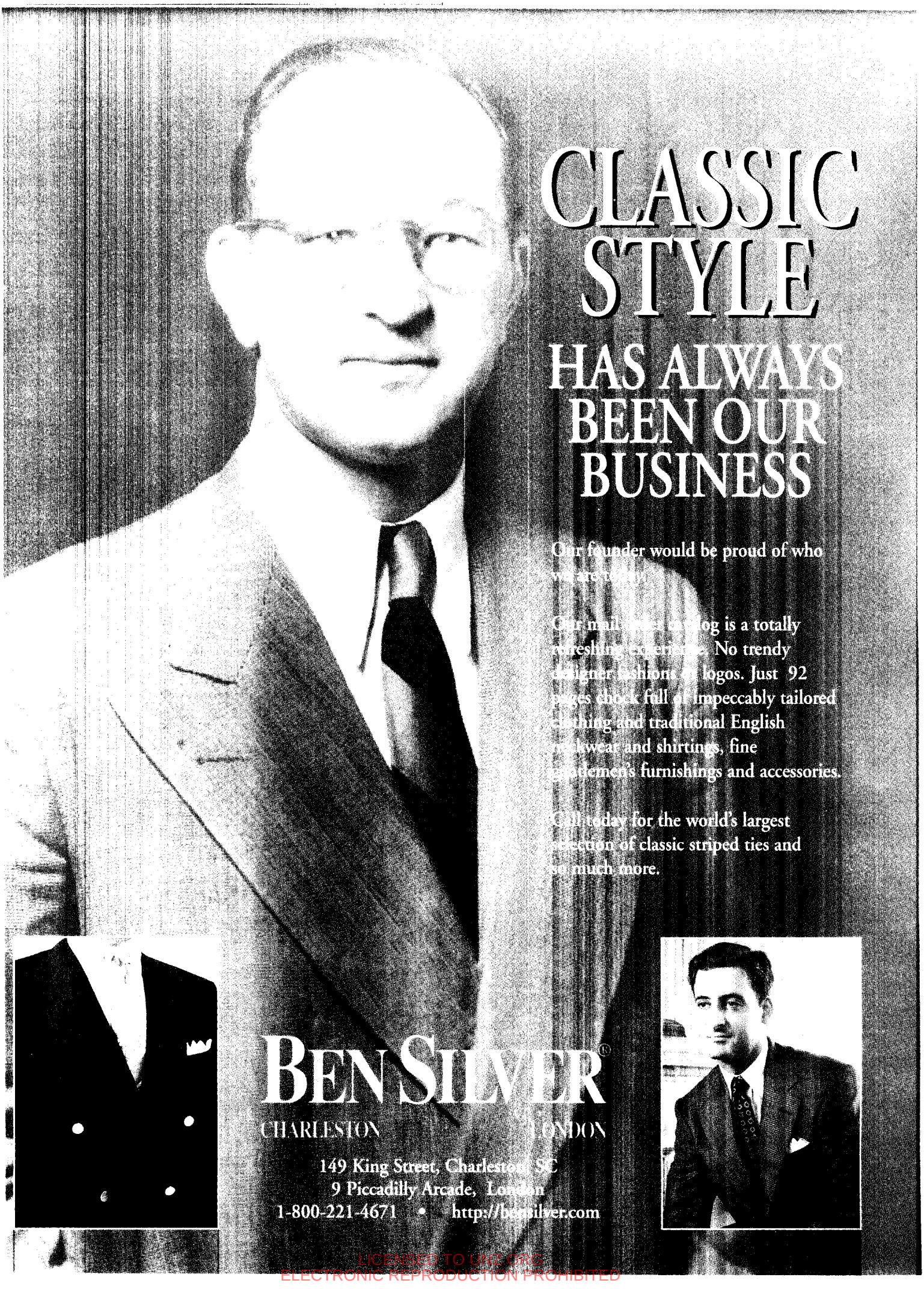

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Baron de Givenchy, himself heir to Balenciaga (probably the greatest of them all), as an "amiable rock-and-roll hipster—short, dark, wiry, near-constant grin splitting his face from one pierced ear to the other." On a given day, he was "dressed like a cross between a Kabuki warrior and a silent-movie pirate: hoop earrings, billowy Japanese trousers patterned with giant flowers, a tight shirt open to frame a tanned expanse of a hairy chest. Around the waist was a wide snakeskin belt, and each wrist jangled with heavy silver charm bracelets." No wonder that he never met Hubert de Givenchy, who was still occupying another part of the establishment.

We live in a dressed-down age. This allows the populism to which our democracy has devolved to inscribe itself on fashion. Fast clothes for people who eat fast food

Is it a matter of social class? Not really. Cristobal Balenciaga, "the Master," was the son of a sailor and a seamstress in the fishing village of Guetaria on the Cantabrian coast. But look at his 1940 portrait photograph by Man Ray and set that beside the verbal portrait of Galliano. Could elegance be merely something a bunch of clever hipsters make for other people, the way someone might deal in garden furniture without owning a garden?

The pirate look is, of course, camp; but the second-story-man look is more minimalism than affectation. Clearly, if minimalism flourishes in music, in the fine arts, to an extent even in literature, fashion will also be affected. Arguably the greatest fashion statement of our century is the blue jeans. Although they go back to a Genoa (in French, Gênes) of long ago, where sailors wore something like them in a fabric imported from Nîmes (de Nîmes), it was not until Levi Strauss in the California gold-mining days dyed denim indigo that Levi's became the popular and prestigious thing they have become.

Prestigious? Yes, in the Third World, where young men and women are crazy about American jeans. The now-forgotten Soviet novelist Panteleymon Romanov wrote a once-famous novel, *For Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*—meaning that any Russian woman of the early Revolutionary period could be had for them. Throughout much of our century in many less-privileged lands, it is for a pair of American Levi's that girls and boys could be bedded. And as if that weren't enough for the still extant house of Levi Strauss to have inflicted on us, it also spawned Claude Lévi-Strauss, the father of structuralism. But I digress.

My point is that we live in a dressed-down age. This makes clothes, which had grown inordinately expensive, more generally affordable, and, more important, allows the populism to which our democracy has devolved to inscribe itself on fashion. Fast clothes for people who eat fast food. Of the elaborate neck gear that Beau Brummel devised, his biographer, Hubert Cole, tells us, "It was, even for the master, a difficult perfection to achieve, and the story soon got around of his valet descending the stairs with an armful of discarded ties, remarking 'our failures!' to the ascending visitors." The perfectly tied "neckcloth," long toiled over until the artist got it just right, is not for our times, egad!

EVEN so, fashion persists as an icon, a talisman, an earnest of our superiority to others. There have always been fashion items that, as it were, exalted their wearers. Lalique jewelry, a Sulka dressing gown (don't call it a robe!), a Fendi fur, Gucci loafers, Louis Vuitton luggage—to name only some famous status symbols. These objects need not even be beautiful; they need only be genuine. I recall the novelist and fashion writer Alison Lurie remarking that everyone knows what the letters LV (the Louis Vuitton logo) stand for: they stand for ugly. I am sure that some who buy the stuff secretly agree, but you cannot argue with a status symbol.

Fashion is not trivial. Consider only the attention so many great writers paid it. Proust foremost. Consider that the perhaps greatest modern poet, Stéphane Mallarmé, edited and, under various pseudonyms, almost single-handedly wrote the fashion journal *La dernière Mode*. Consider the praise Shakespeare lavished on the Prince of Denmark: "The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Fashion replicates the trajectory of poetry, as the great Swiss historian Jacob Burckhardt characterized it in his *Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen* (I translate): "A turn from the necessary to the pleasurable, from the common national to the individual, from the paucity of types to the endlessly varied." It emulates history itself as it swirls in a Vicoesque spiral toward reiteration in renewed forms, as the barebreasted fashions of ancient Egypt return as the topless bathing suit of Rudi Gernreich and, nowadays, the ever more protruding breasts from high-fashion dresses.

Above all, fashion reflects bi-partisan politics in its bipolarity as it swings back and forth between opposite extremes. And not just successively, but also simultaneously. In *Costume on the Stage: 1600–1940*, Diana de Marly observes, "There is always an overlap, and never a sharp division or precise date when one style comes in and another goes out." George Melly, in *Revolt into Style*, provides an excellent account of how London's fashion-conscious Mods and Teddy Boys duked it out with the Rockers and Skinheads, the Mods "not afraid of looking pretty," the Skinheads "aim[ing] at a hideous anonymity . . . caricatur[ing] their proletarian lack of ambition." An in-depth study of the history of fashion must reflect the history of culture, politics, economics, and social trends—indeed the history of history.

The grandest disagreements are between leading designers. Nettie Rosenstein said, "It's what you leave off a dress that makes it smart." Norman Hartnell, however, pronounced, "I despise simplicity. It is the negation of what is beautiful." Defending the natural, Coco Chanel speculated, "A woman is closest to being naked when she is well dressed." Not so Christian Dior: "My dream is to save [women] from nature." Pierre Cardin fumed, "The jean! The jean is a destructor! It is a dictator! It is

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destroying creativity. The jean must be stopped!" But Yves Saint Laurent disagreed, "I wish I had invented blue jeans. They have expression, modesty, sex appeal, simplicity—all I hope for in my clothes." The head spins—like the wheel of fashion on which we are racked.

Oscar Wilde, always a fashion plate—albeit an eccentric one—has his Lord Goring pronounce, "Fashion is what one wears oneself. What is unfashionable is what other people wear." Elsewhere, Wilde muses, "Fashion is a form of ugliness that we have to alter every six months." This sardonic relativism does not recommend itself to my way of thinking. Each one of us, to be sure, must decide for himself what fashion is. Nevertheless, it is the charm of new designs rather than their ugliness that induces alterations. Perhaps not every six months, but before boredom sets in.

Finally, to those who deny the social significance of fashion, we can always retort with Chamfort, "Change in fashion is the tax that the industry of the poor levies on the vanity of the rich." Bear in mind: fashion is not only Courrèges and Ungaro, Scaasi and Bill Blass; it is also the the great anonymous multitude of workers who stitch away at it and earn a living. That is the stitch that, in time, saves nine times nine million lives. □

The Art of Fashion

A conversation among Carolina Herrera, John Simon, and John O'Sullivan.

JO'S: How did you start as a designer?
CH: When I showed my first collection in 1981, the whole fashion world was going mad on layer after layer of very loose skirts and free blouses—and no shapes. I came out with a collection that was all fitted. It was very feminine—women showing their figures—so everybody looked at it. It was really quite glamorous. That first collection had one distinctive feature—big sleeves. Everyone asked me: "Why big sleeves?" I replied: "Well, they are not that new. They have been a fashion feature from Elizabethan times, or even the Middle Ages, up to the Gibson Girls." All I did was to adapt them to modern times. They were successful because women liked these big sleeves framing their faces.
JO'S: Do your designs come from your subconscious? Or are you consciously inspired by other designers?
CH: I was always a great admirer of—Balenciaga. For me Balenciaga *is* designing. The simplicity of his line, the way he cuts, he is timeless. But there are many others—Schiaparelli for instance. Among contemporary designers, I like Armani very much, for his simplicity. I used to dress by Armani a lot. And I *adore* Saint Laurent, for his classicism. He will never be out of fashion.
JS: Is there any American designer who has especially influenced you?
CH: Yes, I think so. Do you remember Claire McCardell? And also Halston is wonderful with his simplicity; he was a real American designer.
JS: Doesn't American design tend to be simpler than the European?
CH: In general, yes. But fashion everywhere is going through a period when it is not really fashion, when it is a rejection of fashion as traditionally understood. They say you have to go to the streets to see what fashion is all about today. I think the streets look like an army, everybody dressed in black, as if they are in mourning.
JS: Maybe it's because black doesn't show how dirty they are.
CH: Certainly something is being obscured. Fashion in the past meant that you had to have the guts to wear something different from others—to express your individual personality—but within the constraints set by formal standards of elegance and style. Today, people want to be free to wear what they like, in any combination they like, to be confined by no rules, and to set their own standards—yet they all end up looking exactly the same. They don't really want to stand out. You might describe them as "a herd of independent bodies."
JO'S: The historian James Laver argued that fashion is a strong indicator of larger social trends—for instance, that fashions which emphasize the bosom are associated with eras in which there is a very strict differentiation of sex roles. What social conclusions would you draw from today's fashions?
CH: It's less than four years before we enter the year 2000; so designers want to be modern—so modern that they are forgetting about fashion. They show craziness and things that don't have anything to do with fashion, or with beauty, or with style, or with glamor.
JS: Doesn't the political climate too influence fashion? We have somehow become not only democratic but populist—the proletariat has taken over and the upper classes try to dress like egalitarians.
CH: Yes, for the moment fashion is totally proletarian.
JS: A frightening situation.
CH: A frightening situation, but it will change. There are periods in fashion where everything is very ugly, like the hippies, and then grunge. That lasted only two weeks.
JO'S: But some designers have not given in.
CH: They maintain their own style. You must know exactly where *you* want to go, and at the same time you must be very aware of what is going on. You have to have some creativity, some ideas of your own. But you cannot forget that you are in the Nineties. If you do, you may end up designing a dress for Madame de Montespan which wouldn't fit in here.
JO'S: Yet if Madame de Montespan wore one of your dresses today, she would be a wonderful advertisement for you. Just as Audrey Hepburn was a wonderful advertisement for the designs of Givenchy.
CH: Yes, Audrey Hepburn was the perfect model for him, a movie star but very loyal to him. Nowadays you take a star like Sharon Stone, whom Valentino dresses. He spends hours fitting her in his beautiful dresses, and then she goes out, and when they ask what is she wearing, she says: "I'm wearing a T-shirt from the Gap."

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JO'S: Your strictures on the current ugliness of fashions suggest some dramatic new development around the corner—something like Dior's New Look.

CH: I think we're going back to real clothes, to women looking elegant and sophisticated, and even a little bit overdressed. And we'll have make-up again and jewels and all that. You see, women are tired of being funny. I mean, you look around and say: "Oh, she looks so funny," not "How wonderful that woman looks." We cannot be afraid of elegance. It's much better than all this.

JS: When we are looking back into the past, we can say that Directoire clothes looked like this, Biedermeier clothes looked like that. Can we say about our own age that 1980 or 1990 clothes looked "like that"?

CH: We are already doing it. We can recognize today a distinctive look from the 1970s—for instance, bell bottoms. Likewise, the Eighties look is very rich, brocaded, with embroidery. The nineties look we can't quite grasp yet. But we certainly can mark the Twenties, the Thirties, the Forties. In the latest collections, the influence is obviously the Thirties.

JS: Is there any look in the past that you like especially? Without wanting to imitate it, of course.

CH: I really liked the 1940s, when they had the big shoulders and the women were all very glamorous.

JS: Can we consider men's fashions? One interesting thing is that in the past famous designers—Pierre Balmain, say, or Jean Patou—always dressed beautifully. Now, if you look at someone like Galliano, or Isaac Mizrahi . . .

CH: But that's what they think is modern. If they were to dress in a normal suit, very classic, they would look much better, but they wouldn't attract people's attention. And they want people to say: "Do you see what Galliano's wearing? Necklaces and gold and earrings and . . ." And the other one wears a bandanna, because it is his signature and everybody will pick him out on the streets.

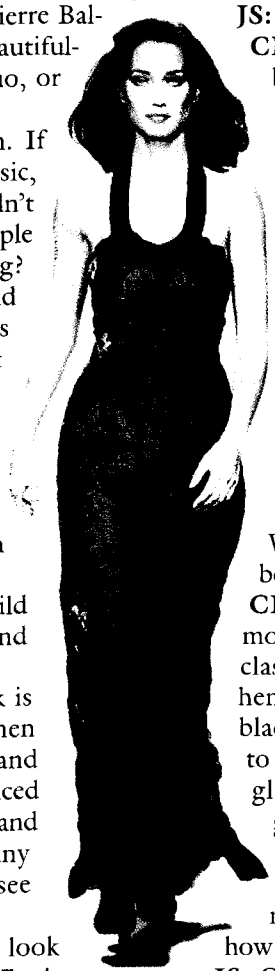
JS: Jean-Paul Gaultier one can recognize on the streets very easily . . .

CH: Well, he wears his skirt! I love him. I had to give him an award the other night, and he was wearing a very short skirt. With a big earring and no hair, very funny.

JS: What do you think of such elaborately wild fashions, like Gaultier, Thierry Mugler, and Vivienne Westwood?

CH: I think Vivienne Westwood—her work is unbelievable to look at. But how many women can wear that? She really mixes very well, and there are many people who have been influenced by her. It's the way of dressing now, mixing and matching. It's not easy, because not too many women know how to mix. That's why you see so many fashion victims on the street.

JO'S: But many current fashions would look ridiculous on any woman over the age of 17 whereas classic fashion looks good on everyone. And it makes the wearer look good as well.



CH: But what you wear when you are 15 looks a little bit strange at 30 and looks very foolish when you are 60. The most important accessory a woman can have is a full-length mirror—so she can see that she can't wear everything.

JS: In a charming little play, *Full Gallop*, about Diana Vreeland, she says (and it may not be an exact quote): "Blue jeans are the greatest invention since the gondola." Have you any use for them?

You see, women are tired of being funny, I mean, you look around and say, "Oh, she looks so funny," not "How wonderful that woman looks."

CH: Yes, I do. But it all depends where you use them and how old you are. It's ridiculous to go out for lunch or something like that in jeans. I think you can wear them in the country—but not for every day.

JS: My wife is very unhappy because I've never owned a pair of blue jeans . . .

CH: They'd look very chic with your blazer. But you won't wear them?

JS: No, because they're a uniform.

CH: Why do you think men like this uniform of blazers and jeans?

JS: Well, first of all blue is a color that works for a lot of men, especially if they have grey hair. Also, blue is a practical color; it doesn't spot as visibly as lighter colors. I also think that somehow a blazer has a suggestion of sport—of yachting, or something like that. It makes you look masculine, theoretically.

CH: But men don't like wearing the uniform of black tie? Because I always hear when someone is invited to dinner: "Is it black tie? Oh, what a bore!"

JS: Yes. In the concert hall in the past, the conductor always wore tails. But then Karajan suddenly appeared in a white turtleneck and dark suit. Which suggested that the rest of us didn't have to bother dressing up.

CH: Isn't this rebellion because black tie and, still more, tails are connected with Society, and the upper classes, and things like that. If you are an artist and hence a free man, it is not possible to put on the black tie because it's not the image you want people to see. Look as the Oscars. The Oscars used to be a glamorous occasion because the movie stars were glamorous on the screen and in their private lives. Today, you see all these women and you ask yourself: "Who's that? Is she really the famous movie actress?" Because they are afraid of showing how glamorous they are.

JS: Of course, movie actresses today are not women of great taste.

CH: But it is an attitude, too. It is an attitude of being

Dress by Carolina Herrera, 1996

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very childish and young and rejecting any formal standards. They don't want to look stylish and elegant, like Marlene Dietrich.

JS: Well, some of them are overdressed . . .

CH: But in the wrong way. These women say they have no time to go out and shop for themselves. So they have what they call a "stylist," which is someone who tells them: "You wear this or that, and put your hair this way or that way." They don't have time to analyze their own appearance, and then judge that this particular dress is going to look terrible on *them*. It's a form of laziness. And, of course, it's easy to be lazy when there are no formalities to which you are expected to conform.

JS: You know what the problem is: Audrey Hepburn was a star in the day when dressing elegantly was the thing. But to be a star in an era when that is not the objective—*when that is even to be avoided*—then no one can become an Audrey Hepburn any more.

JO'S: Unless some movie actress decides to break with this fashion of dressing down and emerges a butterfly from its gloomy chrysalis.

JS: Perhaps politics will have to move toward a more conservative way of thinking before that happens. As long as politics are left-oriented, high fashion is likely to remain in the doldrums.

CH: Speaking of politics, there are people whose public position allows, perhaps even requires, them to dress with formal elegance. Don't you think that the wife of the President of the United States should dress in a very glamorous way?

JS: That would certainly be a nice change.

CH: Maybe American designers should dress the wife of the President for free, as they do in France, because it would enable them to show what they can do—and present a glamorous image of America at the same time.

JO'S: Doesn't Princess Diana do something like that?

CH: I don't agree. At first, she was a young, fresh-looking girl. Now she is trying so hard that she is beginning to look like one of the fashion models—so much into fashions that she is becoming a fashion victim. She is pretty, certainly—but she could be just another model!

JO'S: I see your point. At the same time Princess Di is somebody who can get away with dressing with old-fashioned elegance by virtue of her position in society. Nobody would expect even a semi-detached member of the Royal Family to turn up wearing grunge on a formal occasion. So she is allowed to dress with a conformity to traditional style in a way that a Hollywood "artist" is not. And the same is true, as you yourself were arguing, about the wife of the American President.

JS: A distinguished contributor to *NR*, Ernest van den Haag, and I had an argument yesterday. He claims that fashion is not an art, and I claim it is.

CH: Why did he say it wasn't?

JS: He thinks it's just a very nice additive, something that makes a woman look better, and nothing more.

CH: It is connected with art, with paintings, with literature. When you read a book describing how people were dressed in a different age or a different place, you immediately place your mind there. You can fantasize and transport yourself at once.

JS: Fashion creates beauty. Isn't it that simple?

CH: Exactly. Look at Goya—at how people dressed in his paintings—at Gainsborough, at all the painters.

JS: But no matter how well you dress, if you're going to be painted by Julian Schnabel . . .

CH: Ah, well, then it doesn't matter what you wear.

JO'S: Is that the last word?

CH: No. If fashion is an art, it is also more than an art. Fashion is for the eye, but also for the night. □

Hepburn, dressed by Givenchy for "Funny Face," 1957

What the Well-Dressed Woman Is Thinking

LISA SCHIFFREN

IT'S not easy, reading through stacks of fashion magazines in search of political philosophy. Think of towering haystacks and slender needles. But to save *NR* readers the trouble of lugging around phone-book-thick glossy magazines redolent, not to say reeking, of perfume ads, I have systematically studied the nation's leading fashion magazines to determine just what the well-dressed woman is thinking.

I am not a devotee of the fashion magazines, though of course I happily read them at the hairdresser. Partly, this because so much of what has been fashionable in clothing, culture, and mores in my lifetime has been so vulgar and unattractive that I am repulsed by the mindless enthusiasm with which *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Elle*, *Mirabella*, *Mademoiselle*, and the others typically embrace the new, regardless of merit.

When it comes to products—this season's rags and potions—they can't help it. They are foremost industry touts, eager to celebrate whatever designers think someone will buy and wear, the ludicrous along with the lovely.

When it comes to ideas, attitudes, mores, and politics, editors have considerably more leeway to reject the offensive and shape an ethos. Yet, the fashion books have been routinely politically correct on all the issues important to liberals and, particularly, feminists. An epidemic of abortion is treated with frequent, urgent scare stories—every magazine I read has run a

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piece in the past two years—warning that "Your rights are endangered . . ." and accompanied by pictures of dead abortionists and tales of woe from clinic operators. That illegitimacy imperils democracy is not a consideration in *Vogue*'s October cover story celebrating Madonna as "mother, and fashion force."

Perhaps you are wondering why we are concerned at all with the politics of publications that really do cut their principles to fit this year's fashion

Intellectual fashions change more slowly than skirt lengths, but change they do. Across the land liberalism has collapsed of its own weight. The only people who pay attention to the demands of orthodox feminists are liberal Republicans seeking to close the gender gap. Big earnest government is as dated as big cemented hair. So when does conservatism get chic?

Guess what; it's happening. Slowly, in little bursts, often highly camouflaged, our ideas are being paraded down the runway.

But perhaps you are wondering why we are concerned at all with the politics of publications that really do cut their principles to fit this year's fashion?

Because they are influential. If *NR* could sell ideas the way *Vogue* sells dresses, Phil Gramm would be our next President. When the lipstick editor at *Harper's Bazaar* says brown is the new fall color, armies of otherwise attractive women march around looking two weeks dead until it's time for the new spring color. Try to think of, say, *Mirabella* as a chi-chi boutique in the marketplace of ideas.

So, of course, you're dying to know, What's Hot Now? Purple, as it happens, is the new fall color. Lesbian marriage is the hot lifestyle/social-justice cause. Breast cancer has edged out AIDS as the important disease. And, in election coverage, the smarter, more upmarket fashion magazines are backing away from Bill Clinton pretty briskly.

Mademoiselle and *Glamour* are not the smarter fashion magazines. Their huge readerships are made up of relatively younger women, not necessarily college-educated, professional, or affluent. *Mademoiselle* does not have much in the way of traditional political reporting, and *Glamour*, which does, is as doctrinaire a feminist publication as can be found outside a women's studies department.

To quote Cynthia Grenier, the *Washington Times*'s magazine columnist, "They're hopelessly feminist but entirely confused, since they're all about men: how to lure them, how to please them in bed. They're extremely explicit."

I'll say. Both *Mademoiselle* and *Glamour* run monthly columns devoted to answering readers' (made up, surely) questions about sex. We're not talking about strategy here, a girl-talk classic. We are talking about things so odd and explicit, addressed in a manner simultaneously clinical and downright smutty, that we are not actually going to talk about them here.

The October *Mademoiselle* exemplifies the cultural confusion. It features a brave, throwback cover story on "single and loving it," even though everyone knows that being single is really very uncool right now, a major reversal that happened overnight in the early Nineties, when the baby boom woke up to the biological alarm clock. It is the hipness of marriage, surely, which explains the very *au courant cri de coeur*, "Why Can't We Get Married? A gay woman speaks out." Her earnest plea for "respect for love" is accompanied by two not unattractive women in evening gowns on a beach. Cool, huh? (All the fashion magazines ignore the decidedly less titillating notion of gay-male marriage.)

Glamour's September issue was brimming with tendentious politics. The issue included the results of a reader opinion poll which was overwhelmingly in favor of gay marriage. Nearby was a "one-minute interview with Bush Administration Secretary of Labor Lynn Martin on her work policing Mitsubishi's efforts to clean up its sexual-harassment record. Skeptical title—"Is This Woman on Our Side?" Reporter's conclusion? Maybe. (The reporter is wrong. Miss Martin is a charter member of the recently revived Rockefeller/Whitman wing of the party, whose liberalism should not be underestimated.)

Finally, the *pièce de résistance*, *Glamour's* big election "analysis," as written by that paragon of Beltway media, Margaret Carlson of *Time* magazine and the *Capital Gang*. Miss Carlson's Hillary idolatry, and her attacks on those less enamored of the Clintons than she, are legendary. Her story, titled, "A Wakeup Call for Women: What we stand to gain—or lose—on Nov. 5" is pretty rote. To paraphrase: Bob Dole isn't a bad guy—he did appoint Sheila Burke. But he can't stand up to the Religious Right on abortion. And, anyway, Bill Clinton is the greatest thing that has ever happened to women on this planet. Besides, he's a real leader on abortion. Don't stay home and let Dole win.

At least *Glamour* is consistent. If the editors think that readers follow their sex and dating advice, then unlimited access to abortion really is the most important political issue on the table.

As a general rule, the higher up the fashion chain we go, the less PC the politics.

Mirabella is a quirky magazine of generally uneven quality, still looking for a niche. It was started in the late 1980s when longtime *Vogue* editor Grace Mirabella was unceremoniously dumped from her job, and Rupert Murdoch handed her the cash to start a magazine for slightly older women who might be interested in ideas

Lisa Schiffren, a former speechwriter for Dan Quayle, is writing a book about women and politics.

Vogue cover, 1941

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along with their fashion advice. Grace was in over her head in none too deep water. Last year Hachette Filipacchi, the French publisher which also owns *Elle* (and *George*!), bought *Mirabella*, and is attempting to revive it.

According to Elaina Richardson, who edits the political articles for *Mirabella* (and also for *Elle*), it is intended for women who want to be classy rather than hip. This month those roughly 575,000 women will be reading a splashy political special dubbed "Hillary Under Fire."

The interesting thing is that *Mirabella* assembled the firing squad. Okay, so most of the contributors are clichéd Hillary apologists (former Texas Governor Ann Richards, "She's refused to perform as a fashion plate." Gloria Steinem: People can't deal with an "equal" marriage). Still, the longest piece is a brutally honest evaluation of Mrs. Clinton's personal and political hypocrisy, written by smart lefty pundit Barbara Ehrenreich, and devastatingly on target

The other pleasant surprise is a feature on the culturally conservative radio shrink, Dr. Laura, which positively lionizes both her and her anti-therapeutic, pro-traditional-morality message. This is genuinely subversive stuff, since, to the sophisticated, fashionable mind, nothing is more dowdy than moral conviction.

Harper's Bazaar is the stunning, rock-stupid blonde of the pack. It's graphically rich but almost content free. It has run recent features opposing the National Rifle Association's attempt to arm women, suggesting that spouse abuse is endemic (with a picture spread of actresses and models who claim to have been hit), and a panel discussion called "Why Marry?" in which several urban professionals agreed that monogamy is too, too dull.

But all this seems bright indeed by contrast with the editor's column, in which the publication's highly paid editrix, Elizabeth Tilberis, displays an underdressed mind. In the past year alone she has urged women to embrace last fall's ghastly pale lipsticks, a return to painfully high heels, and Hillary Clinton as icon of American womanhood, to name but three offensive fashion picks. Her September

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1995 interview with Mrs. Clinton was the single most fawning, not to mention fatuous, political feature in a magazine not published by the Democratic National Committee. How fatuous?

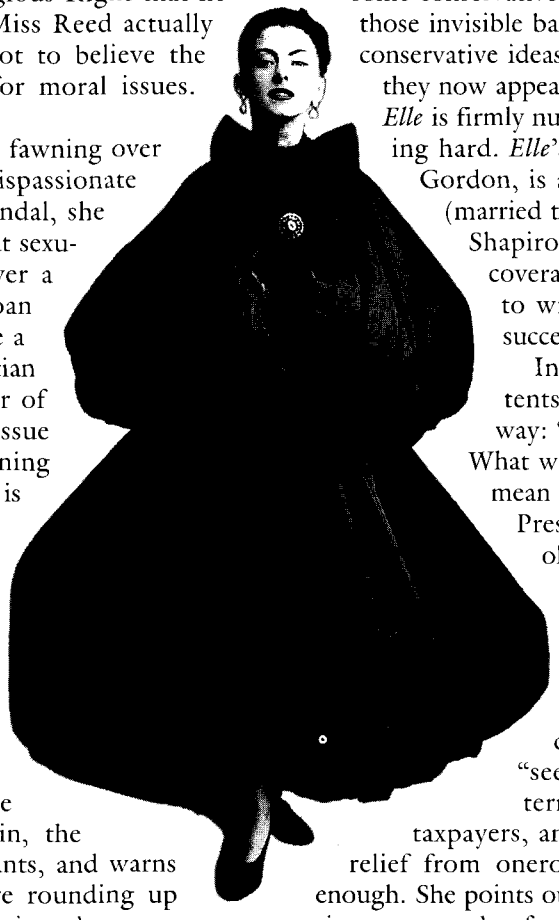
Liz Tilberis: "Have you changed how you behave after three years of intense criticism?"

HRC: "Well I just continue to be myself . . . ," followed by raves about that week's hairdo.

Vogue is the gold standard of fashion magazines, which deviates from the liberal line on many issues and from feminist orthodoxy on most. This is due, largely, to senior writer Julia Reed, a former *Newsweek* Washington reporter, who brings quiet intelligence, great charm, and a mighty sharp eye to the magazine's political coverage.

In a group profile of the GOP presidential primary candidates last year, she reported the famous interchange when Phil Gramm told the Religious Right that he wasn't about to be a preacher. Miss Reed actually suggested that he was wrong not to believe the Presidency was a bully pulpit for moral issues. Knock me over with a feather.

Miss Reed has kept *Vogue* from fawning over Hillary Clinton, with pleasant, dispassionate prose. During the Packwood scandal, she told women to stop whining about sexual harassment and learn to deliver a slap with the panache of Joan Crawford. This summer she wrote a genuinely fair profile of the Christian Right's Ralph Reed, and another of Elizabeth Dole. In the October issue she has a fascinating piece explaining the great Clinton mystery, how it is that so many people who hate him for cause will be voting for him this fall.



The October issue also includes a forceful, reasoned argument for tort reform. The writer, Louise Palmer, names "a plague of lawsuits" as the culprit behind the dearth of new contraceptives. She cites the loss of the morning-sickness drug Benedictin, the Copper-7 IUD, and breast implants, and warns that the usual cheesy lawyers are rounding up plaintiffs for a class-action suit against the manufacturers of Norplant.

Miss Palmer argues that "women have the most to lose from runaway class-action suits. Yet women are the ones standing in the way of reform." Which women? The National Organization for Women, Rep. Pat Schroeder, and Sen. Barbara Boxer, who explained, "We are all potential victims."

"For many women, those five words reflect what is most outdated about the women's movement: a knee-jerk assumption that women are victims," Miss Palmer concludes.

I wondered how someone got this into a glossy magazine. Crypto right-wing nuts at *Vogue*? Who knew?

Susan Morrison, *Vogue*'s features director, did not think it was such a big deal. "My aim," she told me, "is to publish smart, provocative, exciting writing. I've always thought it was a reductionist take to assume that all women just want a liberal party line."

All editors claim to want to publish smart, provocative writing. Most cannot seem to find smart pieces that are not liberal advocacy. "But how did you come to publish a piece advocating tort reform?" I asked, in danger of gushing.

"Our readers are sophisticated women," she said. "I don't assume they get all of their political information from *Vogue*. I want to give them a surprising, intelligent point of view. If that goes against the grain of what other women's magazines do, good."

So, stripped of conservative jargon, the sheer logic of some conservative positions is finally pushing through those invisible barriers created by the media. Because conservative ideas have been frozen out of the debate they now appear new and fresh.

Elle is firmly number two in the market, and it's trying hard. *Elle*'s frequent political reporter, Meryl Gordon, is a fairly traditional liberal journalist (married to former Carter speechwriter Walter Shapiro, who is now in charge of political coverage for *USA Today*). She works hard to write fair pieces, and sometimes she succeeds.

In the current issue, the table of contents describes her election analysis this way: "Campaign '96: Who Women Want. What would four more years of Bill Clinton mean for women? How bad would a Dole Presidency be?" Sounds like the same old stuff, indistinguishable from Margaret Carlson.

Actually, the piece is better than it sounds, pointing out, among other things, that Bill Clinton regards women as victims, "a special-interest group," while Bob Dole "sees women primarily in economic terms, as hard-working independent taxpayers, and small-business owners who need relief from onerous government regulations." Fair enough. She points out that Dole has a great record of hiring women; that female Clinton officials complain of being frozen out of power; that both candidates are known for deals, not principles; that Dole will appoint anti-choice judges. There are no new insights, but it's certainly fair.

Then comes the sidebar: an interview with Elizabeth Dole, whom Miss Gordon characterizes as thin-skinned and guarded—as if opening up to the media usually helps Republicans. The most objectionable part of the profile is an agonizing discussion of why the Doles did not have a child. Elizabeth made her usual statement about marrying late. Miss Gordon fished for personal revelation. She framed her question, she writes, "in a personal way, telling her that my husband and I had tried

Harem dress and cape by Balenciaga, 1950

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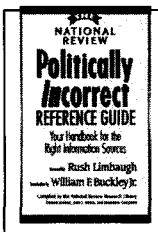

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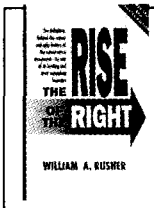

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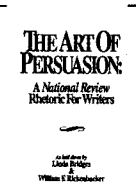

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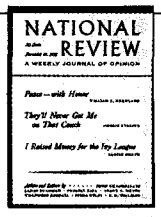

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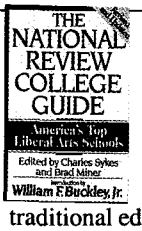
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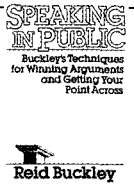

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unsuccessfully for years to have children . . ." "I really believe the role of First Lady involves a certain dignity . . . I don't want to breach," Mrs. Dole responded. Miss Gordon persisted. Mrs. Dole ended the interview. Miss Gordon wrote a nasty profile.

On the other hand, in the August issue, I came across Miss Gordon's short but substance-packed profile of hot academic criminologist, and Dole advisor, John DiIulio. DiIulio, who has written for *NR*, warns of the coming crime wave when cohorts of fatherless boys reach adolescence, and advises tough, commonsensical (harsh, if you're a liberal) responses. One should not underestimate the implications of a glossy fashion mag running a substantive, extremely fair piece about a policy wonk whose views currently define the rightward respectable edge of the nation's debate on crime and punishment.

Elle's deputy editor, Elaina Richardson, says the magazine wants to offer readers political pieces that point up larger issues in society, regardless of ideological slant. She mentioned a largely sympathetic profile of Eloise Anderson, the very tough-minded black woman who is in charge of reforming California's welfare system for Gov. Pete Wilson. Miss Anderson is an advocate of tough love, no coddling of wayward girls, and genuinely stringent reform. So I was interested in how the story evolved.

"I saw her speak at a Manhattan Institute lunch," Miss Richardson explained. "She was just amazing."

Fashion editors at conservative think-tank policy lunches? What next? If fashionable women are thinking conservative thoughts, it's time for this conservative woman to acquire some fashionable clothes. See you at Saks. □

Good Ol' Clothes

FLORENCE KING

WHEN a child first thinks of living to see the century turn, he always does some arithmetic to figure out how old he will be when it happens. I was in the second grade when I did my calculations: 2,000 take away 1936 equals 64.

I stared at the figure, trying to imagine myself at that age. My grandmother was about 64 at this time so I based my mental picture on her. The facial features were easy to sketch in because I already looked like her that way. Then I started on the clothes.

A jersey dress with a self-fabric belt, a lace fichu tucked under the collar and spread across the bosom like a giant snowflake, service-weight stockings, and black oxfords called "EnnaJetticks." Underneath were a satin slip that had to be ironed wet; something she called a "shimmy" which was a kind of camisole undershirt; and the holy of holies, a "foundation garment," a cross between a girdle and a corset.

As I write this defense of traditional fashion in the shadow of the millennium, I am wearing polyester pants with a drawstring waist, a pullover, underpants, knee-highs, and Hush Puppies. When I go out I add a bra, but that's it.

I am physically more comfortable than Granny, but I am pinched and chafed by psychosartorial conflicts she never knew. I disapprove of myself; all that is rigid in me cries out against the way I dress and the society that lets me get away with it, but Granny was in sync with her clothes and her time.

She bought her frankly fusty duds in old-lady departments called "Stylish Stout" and "Grande Dame." The euphemisms fooled no one; shoppers new to a store would ask, "Where's the old-lady department?"

They were comfortable places to shop. The salesladies were the same age as the customers and the stock reflected a sense of historical connectedness. The racks were full of purple dresses because it had been the color of "second mourning" for Victorian widows after an initial year spent in black. The custom died out well before Granny's generation grew old, but by then purple was so thoroughly associated with old ladies that people referred to it as an "old-lady color."

Historical connectedness has turned into hysterical fritz. "Classical is back!" means Caesar's legions are back, every knee bared. "Romantic is back!" means the coachman is back, three capes to the wind. "Traditional is back!" means the bellhop is back, double rows of buttons playing Russian roulette with nipples. When they trot out something that looks like Quentin Durward in drag, it means "Femininity is back!"

In my case, "Pyrrhic victory is back!" If I worked in an office instead of at home I would have to buy some dressy clothes, but nothing would change. Looking undignified in a thigh-high skirt is no different from looking undignified in drawstring pants, except that I show a lot less leg. Dignity, not youthful illusion, is what I want now, but dignity is the only fashion look considered outré.

If the personal is political, the imperious is impossible when women past a certain age eagerly adopt the same fashions worn by sweet young things. It would not matter so much were it merely a matter of clothes per se, but something more important is involved.

The Roman Matron has to be serene before she can do her stuff; if she's constantly tugging her skirt down and yanking at her neckline to cover her cleavage, it won't be long before she ceases to be a Roman Matron.

This sort of woman, whom Americans used to call a "dowager" and a "rock," or "the duchess" and "the old battleaxe," has now been replaced by geriatric gamines like Helen Gurley Brown.

Throughout history, societies that honored their old battleaxes have tended to flourish, but America is fast running out of the breed. We could replenish our supply if we brought back the old-lady department, but of course we won't. Cut-off points and lines of demarcation are conservative by definition. The enthusiastic promotion of one-age-fits-all clothing is the sartorial equivalent of the socialistic leveling we find so chic.

When people say a woman "looks conservative" they

Miss King's latest book is The Florence King Reader.

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usually mean she looks frumpy. Said of a man, it's a backhanded compliment; it means he looks dignified, authoritative, prosperous, capable, powerful, and stern—just what men aren't supposed to be nowadays. If clothes make the man, anyone wishing to destroy the man can simply destroy his clothes. Social historians always look to women's fashions for their harbingers, but some of the most significant battles of the sartorial war on tradition have been fought in men's closets. Take, for example, the number of anti-conservative metaphors based on articles of male clothing.

Basic, all-round conservatism is conveyed by "blue suit" and "wingtips."

Repression and unhappiness springing from conformity and suburban life are conveyed by "gray flannel suit."

Paper-pushing boredom and the calcified attitudes that go with it are conveyed by "white collar."

Setting arbitrary standards, telling people what to do, and being judgmental are summed up by "coat-and-tie."

A conservative political candidate is an "empty suit."

In a democracy, the only men who can get away with looking conservative are liberals. When John F. Kennedy wore cutaway-and-stripes and a silk topper at his Inauguration, the media purred and the other officials on the dais, Democrats and Republicans alike, went along without a murmur. That it was the correct attire did not matter to them, only that Kennedy chose to wear it.

Yet when Ronald Reagan announced the same intention, the media was up in arms with dark murmurings about snobbery and exclusiveness, and GOP congressmen such as Sen. Howard Baker did the "Aw, shucks, I'm just a country boy" routine. Whatever Reagan had planned originally, he ended up wearing stripes, short coat, and no hat, which made him look like a butler.

The latest victim of the sartorial levelers is Bob Dole, who probably will wear Cotton Dockers to his Inauguration if he has one.

Dole's main purpose in going casual was to narrow the gender gap by making women feel warmed and secure in his open-collar, rump-sprung presence. But it doesn't work that way. Another midwesterner, Sinclair Lewis, came nearer to the mark in *Main Street*:

> She was close in her husband's arms; she clung to him; whatever of strangeness and slowness and insularity she might find in him, none of that mattered so long as she could slip her hands beneath his coat, run her fingers over the warm smoothness of the satin back of his waistcoat, seem almost to creep into his body, find in him strength, find in the courage and kindness of her man a shelter from the perplexing world.

That traditional fashions are a boon to morality and good manners seems to me inarguable. Even Bill Clinton agrees; whether or not he meant what he said about school uniforms, he had the good sense to say it, suggesting that he knows it's true whether he believes it or not.

I would go further and recommend knickers and long socks for pre-teen boys. I'm just old enough to remember the tag end of this fashion from my elementary-school days. Nothing else says "boy" with such devastating effect. Knickers may be the best line of demarcation ever invented: it's virtually impossible to smart-mouth teachers and cops while wearing them.

The button fly, still favored by Savile Row tailors, will not reduce casual sex, but it might reduce coarseness in movies and television

The button fly, still favored by Savile Row tailors, will not reduce casual sex, but it might reduce coarseness in movies and television. I am always appalled when actors casually unzip and remove their pants, or put them on and zip up, while facing the camera. They wouldn't be able to do this with a button fly; it would take too long and waste dramatic time.

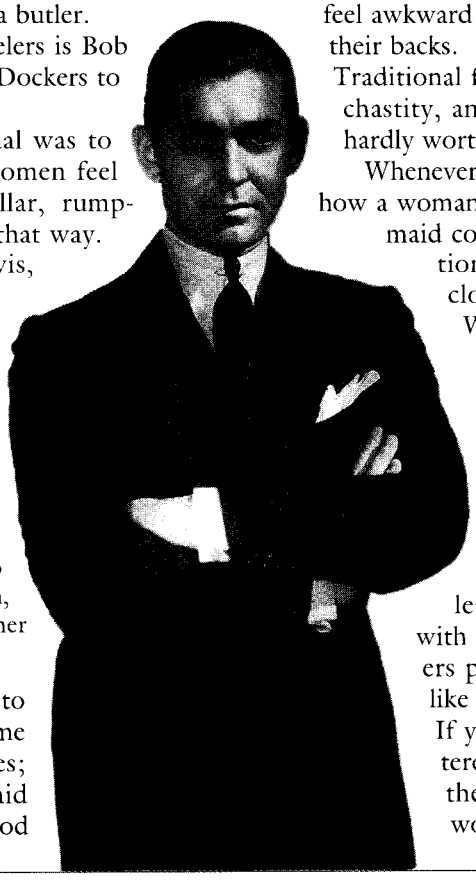
The button fly also inculcates a genteel habit, though we're probably too far gone for it to take. The pants my father bought before World War II all had button flies, and he always turned his back on us females—even my mother—while he did them up. Once, when I asked, I was told all gentlemen did. I believe it. A zipper provides a man with a jaunty gesture, but buttons force him to keep his hands at his crotch long enough to make him feel awkward and a little foolish: most men will turn their backs.

Traditional fashions have done wonders for female chastity, and even when they didn't, the fun was hardly worth the trouble.

Whenever I read a period novel, I always wonder how a woman unable to dress and undress without a maid could manage the logistics of an assignation. How could she get out of all those clothes, and then get back into them? What about the whalebone stays? Either her lover did them up for her, or else she knotted the strings around the bedpost and made like a dray horse, either of which would shatter illusions.

I imagine she didn't have to. There were some blithe spirits, but most women behaved themselves, and at least some of that virtue had less to do with godliness than with the daunting barriers presented by clothes that layered them like geological eras.

If you're thinking that the Victorian adulteress might have removed nothing except the most necessary garment, say one word: hoopskirt. □



Clark Gable\

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help!!!

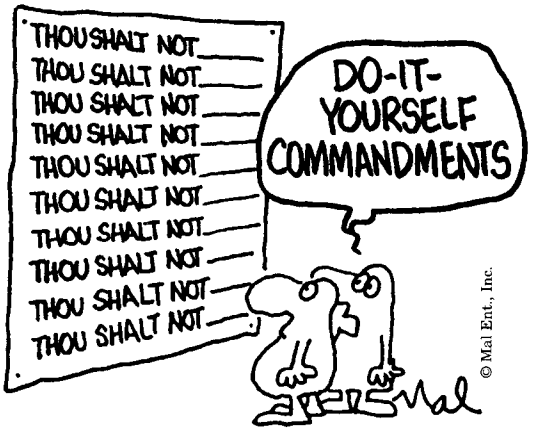
"Frankly, I was hoping the profits would have been more obscene."

Sweating Out Bosnia

They're packing up their old kit bags
As fresh troops tiptoe in.
In Washington, the muffled gags
Permit a falling pin
To register on Richter scales,
So buttoned is each lip,
While Christopher gnaws on his nails
And Clinton's armpits drip.

—W. H. VON DREELE

"I touched social security. . ."



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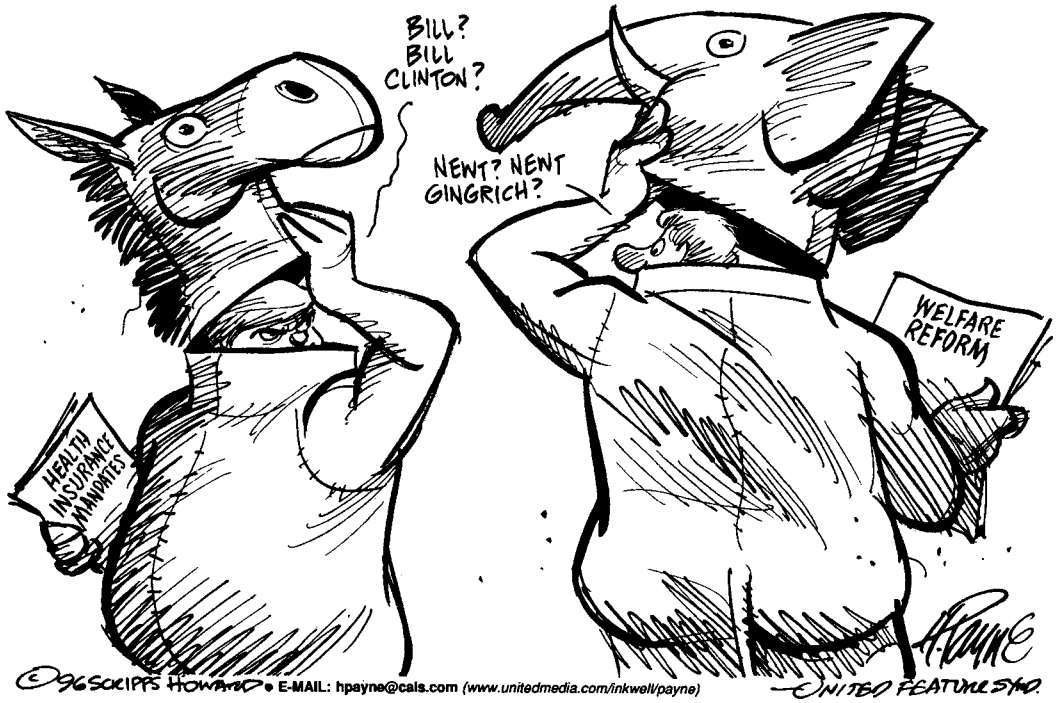

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Endangered Species

As the political parties polarize, conservatives have all but disappeared from Democratic ranks.

STEPHEN MOORE & JEREMY HILDRETH

WHICH is closer to extinction: the California condor or the conservative Democrat in Congress? The California condor is an endangered species, but at last count there were at least 13 of them still living in the wild. But in Washington, D.C., there are now just 4 Democrats in the entire Congress who qualify as conservative—down from 28 in 1990 and 36 in 1985. These last 4 are Reps. Sonny Montgomery of Mississippi, Bill Brewster of Oklahoma, and Ralph Hall and Pete Geren of Texas. Montgomery, Brewster, and Geren are all retiring at the end of this term.

Of course, the rhetoric these days out of the Democratic National Committee is unfailingly mainstream. The unofficial slogan of the Democrats' masquerade ball in Chicago was, "Nobody here but us moderates." And on the campaign trail across the country Democrats are portraying themselves as common-sense political centrists trying to fend off the radical right-wing Gingrich Republicans.

In truth, congressional Democrats have not moved to the political center—they have all but deserted it. Employing statistics from the Americans for Democratic Action, a self-defined liberal activist group, we analyzed House and Senate voting records dating back to 1974. Using as a definition of "liberal" someone who votes with the ADA recommendation at least two-thirds of the time, we found that in 1995 nearly four out of five Democrats in the House (78 per cent) qualified as liberal. That is more than double the 34 per cent of 1974.

Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies and Mr. Hildreth a research assistant at the Cato Institute.

In fact, the liberal quotient for Democrats has risen steadily over the past 11 Congresses, while the percentage of Democrats qualifying as conservative has shrunk to virtually nil. Even the number of moderate Democrats is dwindling. According to the ADA's ratings there are now only 45 moderate Democrats, down from 75 in 1980. In short, last year House Democrats' voting record was more liberal than it had been in at least twenty years. The Democrats were more left-wing in the 104th Congress than when the House was under the command of Speakers like Tip O'Neill or Jim Wright; and more left-wing than it was during the ascendancy of the post-Watergate class of 1974.

In the Senate, the statistics are equally grim. In 1974, only 55 per cent of Democrats were classified as liberal; by 1995, that figure had risen to 93.5 per cent. Only Sam Nunn of Georgia, Bennett Johnston of Louisiana, and James Exon of Nebraska (all of whom are also retiring this year) are not liberal—contradicting the conventional wisdom that the Senate Democrats are a pack of political pragmatists. How's this for a depressing statistic: nine of Ted Kennedy's Senate colleagues had more liberal voting records than he did last year.

Let's examine some key votes. Back in 1977 there were 63 House Democrats who voted against increasing the minimum wage; in almost every subsequent vote on the issue that number has declined. In this summer's vote, only 2 Democrats (the aforementioned Hall and Geren from Texas) opposed the mandatory-job-loss bill.

When the Balanced Budget Amendment was defeated in 1982, President Reagan told American voters to "count

 ILLUSTRATION BY BONNIE T. GARDNER

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heads and take names"—to make note of who in Congress was fiscally rational and who was not. Those voters who took the President's advice counted 69 Democrats in support of the amendment and 167 opposed to it. In contrast, in the landmark January 1995 vote in which the House finally passed the Balanced Budget Amendment, a record-low 33 Democrats voted in favor.

A recent comprehensive study by political analysts Mark Melcher and David Tappan of Prudential Securities examined vote ratings by the ADA and the American Conservative Union and came to much the same conclusion as we did: the political center in Congress is shrinking. The ACU ratings, for example, tell us that, in 1995, 47 House Democrats had more liberal voting records than Bernie Sanders of Vermont—an avowed socialist. If this trend keeps up Sanders will have to stop caucusing with the Democrats: he's too anti-government for them.

Now it is also true that in the 104th Congress the Republicans were more likely to vote as a conservative bloc than ever before. In the House, for example, if we look at ADA ratings, 97 per cent of the Republicans racked up conservative voting records in 1995—the exceptions being Eastern Seaboard Reps. Connie Morella (Md.), Marge Roukema (N.J.), Bill Martini (N.J.), Chris Shays (Conn.), Sherwood Boehlert (N.Y.), and Dick Zimmer (N.J.). Among GOP senators 93 per cent had conservative voting records—the exceptions being William Cohen and Olympia Snowe of Maine, Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, and Jim Jeffords of Vermont. So in recent years both congressional delegations have moved away from the center.

The strategy this year for congressional Democrats is to portray the GOP as the extremist party. Would-be Speaker Dick Gephardt says of the Republican House that it is "genetically incapable of passing moderate, common-sense legislation" (like President Clinton's world-record tax hike, presumably). The Democrats' "Families First" legislative program unveiled this summer—the "Uncontract with America"—is hyped by Gephardt as "modest, moderate, and feasible." Indeed it is. It contains no big tax hikes, no expensive new government programs, no grand expansion of the welfare state—come to think of it, it doesn't contain much of anything. Why not? Because as *The Nation* recently lamented, Democrats want to "run against the excesses of Gingrich and avoid offering much of an agenda of their own for change."

In 1995, 47 House Democrats had more liberal voting records than Bernie Sanders of Vermont—an avowed socialist

But can they successfully run away from their voting records? Voting guides distributed by the Christian Coali-

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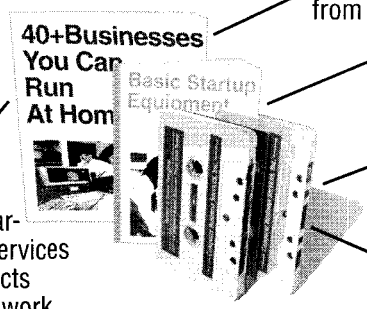

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tion and other groups that educate the electorate on how their congressmen actually vote are clearly a hindrance to the Democrats' political strategy. Not surprisingly, the Left is furiously trying to get the Federal Election Commission to close them down. Voter guides have the effect of "outing" liberals.

WHAT is puzzling is why Washington Democrats have drifted so far to the left in recent years even as the electorate has moved to the right. Party switching has clearly wounded the Democrats by depleting their center base. Not since the Whig Party disintegrated in the 1850s has Congress experienced so many re-alliances in such a short period of time. Since Bill Clinton took office, 213 Democratic officeholders at all levels of government have claimed refugee status in the Republican Party. In Congress alone, 7 Democrats—5 representatives and 2 senators—have jumped ship. The problem of party switching reached the point last year where Jim Nickel, chairman of the Democratic Party of Louisiana, suggested indignantly: "We should require loyalty oaths of all Democrats. If a candidate can be elected with our money and our sweat, he must take the oath" not to defect to Republican ranks.

Of course, the exodus of moderate Democrats has been most severe in the South. Thanks in part to defections to the GOP, in part to the Left's loony idea of racial gerrymandering, there are now only 9 white Southern Democrats left in Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina, and South Carolina combined—down from 38 as recently as 1980. The 11 black Democratic representatives (up from none in 1980) from these states constitute a solid left-wing voting bloc.

But the biggest constraint on political moderation in the Democratic Party may be the congressional leadership. "You know it is time to move when you don't want your own leadership to come back into power," said Rep. Billy Tauzin of Louisiana after switching to the GOP in August 1995. For all the talk of Gingrich's radicalism, he's a political pragmatist compared to Richard Gephardt, David Bonior, Tom Daschle, and Chris Dodd.

If Bill Clinton's coattails help the Democrats take back the House in November, 13 of the 17 presumptive committee chairmen have voting records that are to the left of their troops' records. Soak-the-rich enthusiast Charlie Rangel of Harlem would take the helm at Ways and Means and start fiddling with the tax laws; Detroit's John Conyers would head Judiciary; California dove Ron Dellums would head National Security; Henry Waxman of Beverly Hills—whom Grover Norquist has dubbed "the trillion-dollar man" for sponsoring a series of massive entitlement expansions—would head Government

Reinvigorating Government

DURING the 1992 presidential race, Bill Clinton campaigned as a New Democrat prepared to reduce government and, indeed, to cut 100,000 "unnecessary" bureaucrats from the federal workforce. Today, he routinely boasts that by the end of this year the Federal Government will be the smallest it has been since John F. Kennedy was President. Is there any merit to this claim?

It is true that federal employment has fallen substantially during Clinton's tenure. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, there were 2,922,000 federal employees when Bill Clinton took the presidential oath of office. BLS data show that 146,200 of those jobs have disappeared since January 1993, a reduction in the workforce of 5.0 per cent. In Washington, D.C.—where reductions in the *rate of growth* are considered cuts—any genuine cut is a substantial achievement.

However, no matter how you torture the data, there is no way to support Bill Clinton's claim that the workforce is lower than at any time in the last 33 years. Even after the cuts of the last four years, there are 433,200 more federal workers today than there were when JFK was President.

Furthermore, where did the workforce reduction of 146,200 come from? Where else? The military. As the first postwar President to inherit a Soviet-free world, Clinton accelerated (some would say recklessly) the defense downsizing begun during the Bush Administration. Since Bill Clinton assumed office, Department of Defense civilian employment has fallen by 145,400, or 16.2 per cent. DoD employment has fallen from 32.4 per cent of total federal employment in 1989 to 27.1 per cent today. The cuts in defense employment have been so deep, in fact, that Postal Service employment now exceeds civilian DoD employment for the first time since before World War II.

Curiously, Clinton's paring knife grew dull before he could trim non-defense employment. Since January 1993, non-defense federal employment has fallen a mere 800 positions. If it had not been for a 14.1 per cent reduction in the number of people *employed by the Legislative Branch*, non-defense federal employment would have actually risen by nearly 5,000 under Clinton. If Executive Branch employment had fallen as steeply as congressional employment, Bill Clinton would be able to brag that he reduced Executive employment by 402,696.

To create the illusion that federal employment has been falling more rapidly than it has, the Clinton Administration conveniently omits the largest government employer of all, the 850,100-worker United States Postal Service. Yet even Clinton's own officials at the BLS

Mr. Carter was a special assistant to the deputy director of President Clinton's Office of Management and Budget. He is now chief economist for the Republican National Committee.

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Reform. This is, as Paul Gigot of the *Wall Street Journal* wrote, "a murderers row of 1960s liberals."

This ultra-liberal congressional leadership unlocks the mystery of why the intelligentsia in America has been so tolerant of the political chameleon Bill Clinton. Sure he's unreliable, complained Jesse Jackson recently, "but if President Clinton must deal with Charles Rangel as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Ron Dellums at Armed Services, and David Obey at the Joint Economic Committee [actually, Obey would head Appropriations], he becomes a different President, because his options are different."

The tragedy of the prevailing leftward ideology of the Washington Democrats is that there is a handful of genuinely new Democrats earnestly urging the party to drop its discredited creed of tax-and-spend statism. The Democratic Leadership Council has valiantly tried to get the Democrats to seize the middle ground and has at times had a healthy influence on Bill Clinton—especially on issues like free trade, deficit reduction, and monetary policy. Too often, though, those efforts have been in vain. The stranglehold the AFL–CIO, the abortion lobby, the welfare industry, and the teachers' unions have on the party has blocked most attempts at political moderation.

So which party is most imperiled by the widening ideological divide? For now, Democrats seem emboldened and their short-term prospects improved. But over time Democrats are almost certainly more in danger of a permanent minority status. Political success for Republicans does not rest with re-establishing the Rockefeller wing of the party. On the contrary, Republicans need only ride the rising tide of economic and cultural conservatism, particularly in the rapidly growing electoral base in the South and West. "But it is another story for the Democratic Party," notes Prudential's Mark Melcher, "which for decades owed its majority control of Congress to the presence of a strong Southern conservative wing and a solid centrist branch." The chances of the Democrats' re-establishing that base are "extremely slim," says Melcher, because "the lifeblood of the party, its money, organizational talent, and internal energy, comes directly from its more radical, ultra-liberal groups. For all the talk of tolerance, most of these groups want no part of anyone who does not completely endorse 'the cause.'"

Just ask ultra-liberal Rep. Cynthia McKinney of Georgia, who blurted out the truth about the current state of affairs in the national Democratic Party. Shortly after Georgia Rep. Nathan Deal became the sixth conservative Democrat to defect to the GOP, she remarked: "I hope this was the last of the Newtniks in the [Democratic] party. Without them we can be strong, lean, committed, and dedicated." □

and the Office of Personnel Management include postal employees in their tallies of Executive Branch employment. By excluding the phenomenal growth in the Postal Service since 1993, the Administration is able to pretend that federal employment has fallen by 200,000 positions.

FURTHERMORE, the Administration has exploited the difference between full- and part-time workers. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, "federal personnel reductions aren't as impressive as they first appear. Of the . . . civilians lopped from the federal payroll since January 1993, 17 per cent were part-timers and 13 per cent were temporary employees. At the Environmental Protection Agency, 89 per cent of those let go were temps."

The official employment statistics also ignore the rapid growth of contracted labor. As the *New York Times* pointed out last March, of those federal "jobs that have vanished on paper, many of the responsibilities are being fulfilled by outside contractors." Unfortunately, we don't know exactly how many private-sector employees are working under government contract. According to John Koskinen, deputy director for management at the Office of Management and Budget, "You can use any number you want, but whatever it is it is a *lot* of people." The only data that can be derived from federal agencies show that more than 22 million people work for companies doing business with the Federal Government. Even congressional Democrats have faulted the Clinton Administration for fudging the numbers in this way. Says Arkansas Sen. David Pryor, a Democrat and longtime associate of Bill Clinton: "The whole philosophy of beating our chest and saying how many fewer employees we have but never in the same breath saying, 'Look at how much larger we are getting in the use of private contractors,' is not an honest portrayal of what's going on with tax dollars."

The fact is that many of the reductions in the federal workforce have actually ended up costing tax dollars. To reduce federal employment in certain agencies the Clinton Administration has relied on hugely expensive worker buyout provisions. To help eliminate 272,900 federal jobs through Fiscal 1999 the Administration has offered employees up to $25,000 if they agree to resign or retire. According to the OPM, more than 110,000 federal employees have accepted these costly golden handshakes. Not surprisingly, routine attrition in the federal workforce fell abruptly once word circulated that Congress might authorize buyouts. According to the House Subcommittee on Civil Service, nearly 54 per cent of the buyouts ultimately went to federal employees who were already eligible to retire. Of the nearly $2.8 billion paid thus far in buyouts, roughly $1.4 billion went to people who were already near retirement.

It gets worse. The House Subcommittee investigation also uncovered instances in which "agencies paid the same employees both separation incentives and retention, recruitment, or relocation bonuses." In other instances, federal agencies acted in direct violation of the law by hiring new employees to replace bought-out workers. The Department of Justice reported using 835 buyouts at a time when the agency grew by the equivalent of 7,000 full-time employees. Justice is obviously blind.

When it comes to creating a leaner, less costly Federal Government, all that has been re-invented by this White House is the truth. —Jim Carter

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A REST IN PEACE

Fearful Summitry

Mideast leaders came for a White House photo opportunity– and went home empty-handed.

PETER W. RODMAN

WHILE President Clinton was giving his upbeat spin at his East Room news conference on October 2, with Israel's Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, PLO Chairman Yassir Arafat, and Jordan's King Hussein seated in a row along the wall, the forlorn look on the faces of his Mideastern wards told the real story. And it wasn't just jet lag. The results of the two-day summit, as announced by the President, were the bare minimum acceptable: an agreement to end the violence and to go back home and continue the negotiations. No substantive agreement was reached.

The subsiding of the violence is of course the most significant positive development, but it is not clear that the Washington summitry was needed for that. It was already subsiding, mainly because of an Israeli military crackdown (and secondarily because of belated efforts by the Palestinian authorities to calm what they themselves had stirred up). Nor is it clear that the meeting did harm: most of the disparaging commentary came from the Palestinians and their international and media sympathizers, who had expected Bill Clinton somehow to lower the boom on Netanyahu and extract immediate concessions. No such thing happened. While Netanyahu felt obliged to warm up to the Palestinian chairman, whom he had all his career scorned as a terrorist thug (he apparently addressed Arafat as "friend" and "partner" in their private meetings), these atmospherics were in lieu of major concessions of substance. Netanyahu went home reasonably content, having essentially only reaffirmed the long-standing Israeli promise to redeploy forces from Hebron soon—but without any deadline. The risk of continued frustration definitely exists on the Palestinian side (especially if no real diplomatic movement occurs within a few weeks), but Arafat can have no illusion that Bill Clinton will absolve him of his own responsibility to abjure and prevent violence.

Whatever the assessment of the Washington Summit, however, the upheaval that led to the emergency gathering can only be viewed as a big-league disaster for both Palestinians and Israelis. For the Palestinians, because the conduct of their leaders raised fundamental doubts about their commitment to the peace diplomacy, the breakdown of which would be ultimately suicidal for the Palestinians. While there were many heartening episodes of Israeli and Palestinian security forces helping each other under fire, the raw fact that Palestinian police at one point turned their guns on the Israeli army was a devastating blow to what the peacemakers had wrought. This is not what was bargained for in Oslo, and Oslo will not survive a recurrence.

Likewise, Arafat's incessant calls for "jihad" to liberate Jerusalem and his blatant exploitation of a minor flap about a tourist tunnel (more about which below) were an assault on peace. The premise of all the diplomacy has been that disputes are to be settled by negotiation, not terrorism or mob violence. There are many pledges to this effect by Arafat in the Oslo record. The Palestinians cannot expect any flexibility from Israelis if "jihad" or threats of "jihad" are still seen by Palestinian leaders as instruments of policy. It was therefore important, indeed essential, that Arafat renounce this at the White House. It will be even more important if he sticks to it this time.

BUT the upheaval was a disaster for Netanyahu as well. Many friends of Israel had hoped that he would not only show himself a hard bargainer but would also be able to demonstrate that this tougher approach worked. As good luck would have it, he had inherited a diplomatic agenda that included a number of short-term issues left over from Oslo—most prominently the promised Israeli redeployment from Hebron, but also some other issues on which Israel wanted better compliance by the Palestinians. These issues were

I'M FOR 3 STRIKES AND YOU'RE OUT... DEATH FOR DRUG KINGPINS... WIRETAPS ALL AROUND...
WHAT ABOUT WHITEWATER FELONS?
PARDON?
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Mr. Rodman is an NR *senior editor.*

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soluble ones (unlike the host of final-status issues—Jerusalem, sovereignty, borders—on which the two sides' positions are hopelessly irreconcilable). A deal on these loose ends from Oslo would have been Netanyahu's vindication—a way to show he could improve on Shimon Peres's performance on security issues but also produce diplomatic results. It would have kept international pressures at bay for quite a while. But he stalled too long.

Now, in the wake of the Palestinian violence, he will inevitably be pushed into concessions on these issues that will appear to have been extracted by the violence and by international pressures —and he will get less in exchange for them, perhaps not even a return to the status quo ante in terms of Israel's international standing. Certainly, he will delay a bit, to try to restore the psychological balance and to show that he is not surrendering to blackmail. But the reality will be that he lost control over events. This was a fundamental failure of Israeli strategy.

The archaeological/tourist tunnel that the Israelis had opened near the Western Wall alongside the Temple Mount was, of course, no justification for Palestinian mob violence. It was nowhere near any Muslim holy places. But the Israelis had flaunted the unilateralism of the decision, to show they were in charge of Jerusalem. Thus, they are the ones who politicized it. This too was a failure of Israeli political strategy. Given the Israelis' determination to keep Jerusalem united as their capital, it was in their interest to be scrupulously fair on all matters relating to the religious shrines—as indeed they have a good record of doing over the 29 years since their recapture of the city. The smart thing for Israel to do is keep the religious issues depoliticized: showing that the religious issues in Jerusalem are always handled fairly is a way to defuse them and thereby also to diminish the emotional potency of the PLO's claims on the *political* issues regarding the city.

King Hussein's presence at the Washington Summit incidentally served a useful purpose in this regard, since Israel has long accepted his claim to represent Arab interests in the holy places —at Arafat's expense. Thus Hussein's proposal for an independent commission to examine the tunnel and other religious questions should be given serious consideration.

The Clinton Administration deserves credit, at the very least, for not joining in the near-unanimous bashing of Israel over the whole episode. It focused on getting the parties to talk to each other, and does not seem to have tried to bludgeon Netanyahu into making major moves under pressure. Mutual confidence between Israelis and Palestinians has been badly ripped, however, and repairing it will take a long time. Friends of Israel must hope that the Prime Minister will take some lessons to heart and fashion a diplomatic strategy that regains the initiative. Otherwise he risks having events overwhelm him again. □

Election Hopes . . .

The Republican program would be beneficial to the markets—and to the country.

DAVID HALE

SEVERAL Wall Street newsletters are now suggesting that a victory for the Dole–Kemp ticket would boost equity prices because of the promise of lower capital-gains taxes, but would increase long-term bond yields because of investor concerns about a return to large federal budget deficits.

While it is natural for investors to be concerned about the budgetary effects of Republican promises to reduce taxes, the past ten years have demonstrated that it is the nation's savings and investment balance, more than budget deficits, that determines interest rates. As a result, the impact of the Dole economic program on bond yields will depend more upon how it influences the country's private savings behavior and demand for capital than upon how it affects the federal deficit. Several factors suggest that the Dole program will have a less damaging impact on either the deficit or interest rates than many Wall Street pundits now fear.

First, under current law, no tax cut can be enacted unless there are offsetting spending cuts. This law was passed in order to force Congress to adhere to long-term targets for deficit reduction, and it is doubtful that a President as cautious about fiscal policy as Mr. Dole is would push for its repeal.

Secondly, Dole has a broad-based economic-growth agenda of which personal tax cuts are only one part. The Dole program is also committed to reducing the cost imposed on American business by government regulation and the legal system, slashing capital-gains tax rates, and slowing the growth of federal spending. Regulatory cost push has played such a major role in driving up business costs during the past three decades that interest rates are now more closely correlated to the number of pages in the *Federal Register* than to federal deficits. The *Register* peaked at nearly 90,000 pages during the high-inflation era of the late 1970s and fell steadily to a trough of 49,000 during the late 1980s. The Clinton Administration has pushed it back to 70,000, so if a Dole White House could reduce it back to Reagan-era levels there would be potential benefits in terms of both inflation and interest rates.

If the Dole program encouraged corporations to invest more aggressively, interest rates could rise—but because of strong demand for capital in the private sector, not because of increased government borrowing. But, as the Dole program has far more modest tax incentives for investment than the Reagan program of 1981, it would probably have only a modest impact on private capital demands and interest rates. The Reagan program directly subsidized investment through large increases in depreciation allowances, whereas the Dole program is focused on capital-gains relief and regulatory reform.

The overall scope of the Dole fiscal program is also very modest compared to the tax changes that occurred during the Reagan years. The Dole program would reduce the top marginal tax rate

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to 34 per cent, whereas during the Reagan years it declined to 28 per cent. If Congress enacted every tax change proposed by the Dole–Kemp platform without cutting spending, the net fiscal stimulus to the economy would be only $58 billion during 1998 compared to a nominal GDP of $8 trillion. It is also quite likely that the capital-gains tax cut would produce such a huge revenue windfall that the federal deficit would shrink during the 12 to 24 months after the enactment of the Dole tax program. As a result of the equity bull market since 1991, the ratio of stock-market capitalization to GDP in the U.S. is now 95 per cent, compared to a previous all-time peak of 82 per cent in 1929 and a sixty-year moving average of 48 per cent.

Thirdly, the presidential campaign cannot be viewed in isolation from the congressional campaign. Under the influence of Richard Morris, the President recast himself as a conservative on many social and economic issues during the first half of 1996, but the Democratic Party in Congress remains far to the left of the President. During most of the twentieth century, the congressional Democratic Party was well balanced between membership from the rural South and the urban Northeast and Middle West. During the 1990s, though, the Democratic Party has lost most of its congressional membership in the South [see "Endangered Species," p. 54] and has become heavily dependent upon the urban centers of the Northeast, the Middle West, and California. In the House, for example, the Republicans now have 78 of the 125 seats in the states of the old Confederacy, compared to only 6 in 1960. As a result of the pending retirement of many long-serving Democrats, the Republican share of Southern Democrat seats could easily rise to over 90 this November even if the party loses seats elsewhere in the country. If the Democrats regain control of the House with only 20 to 30 Southern seats, many of their most influential committee chairmen will be far to the left not just of current Republican chairmen but also of previous Democratic chairmen. The great fear haunting the U.S. bond market today is not of a Dole–Kemp victory and the enactment of a modest Republican tax-cut program. It is of what would happen to government spending, the cost of federal regulation, and trade policy in the event that the Democrats made a sweep of the White House and both Houses of Congress.

The Democratic Party in Congress remains far to the left of the President

Finally, if the Dole–Kemp team takes over the White House and the Republicans retain control of Congress, there will be a far greater likelihood of radical reform in the nation's hitherto uncontrolled entitlement programs than if the nation continues with its current mix of divided government or a return to full Democratic control over the Executive and Legislative Branches. The Republicans would be more willing to impose limitations on the growth of Medicare spending. There is also strong support in the Republican congressional caucus for privatization of Social Security. The experience of other countries suggests that privatization of Social Security could have a very beneficial impact on U.S. interest rates by encouraging a rise in the household savings rate.

At present, most of the nation's new private savings are invested in pension funds. Until recently, the bulk of these retirement savings were held in the form of defined-benefit plans. Under such plans, corporations made annual contributions to their pension funds in order to create the pool of savings needed to deliver a guaranteed income stream to retired workers. During the past decade, though, there has been a major shift to defined-contribution plans, in which corporations and workers contribute to a retirement-savings program whose benefits depend upon the return earned by the assets. Under this form of retirement savings, individuals have a choice of the assets in which their retirement funds are invested, whereas under a defined-benefit plan they have an income claim which is independent of the return earned by the fund's assets. The defined-benefit plans hurt the national savings rate during the 1980s. As the stock market appreciated, some corporations developed overfunded pension plans, which attracted corporate raiders. Other corporations responded to this threat by reducing their contributions and thus lowering the national savings rate.

Defined-contribution plans, by contrast, pose no such problems for either the corporation or the worker. An individual can keep on saving even if he achieves his wealth-accumulation target ahead of schedule because of booming equity prices or high interest rates on his fixed-income assets. As a result of the tremendous growth in defined-contribution pension plans, the stock-market boom of the past few years has not depressed the household savings rate. Various forms of defined-contribution plans now account for almost one-half of all pension-fund savings in the U.S. and probably about one-third of the $3 billion of assets in the mutual-fund industry. If retirement savings were still dominated by defined-benefit plans, the great equity bull market would have produced a slump in both pension contributions and the national savings rate rather than the modest uptick which has occurred since 1994.

THERE are many possible models for how the U.S. might privatize its Social Security system. Countries as diverse as Chile, Britain, and Australia have already made major strides in the direction of retirement savings mandated by government but held in funds managed by the private sector. The basic goal of any reform would probably be to mandate for every U.S. citizen a compulsory retirement-savings program with a variety of potential investment products to choose from, subject to careful government supervision. A retirement-savings account

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in such a plan would function very much like a defined-contribution pension plan. The individual would have an opportunity to invest his retirement savings in a variety of equity and fixed-income assets, whereas all Social Security assets are currently invested in short-maturity government debt. It is quite possible that an individual would respond to a booming stock market by reducing his pension-fund contributions, but, as in 1995, he might decide to maintain his flow of savings despite the rise in capital values. Under a defined-benefit plan, by contrast, his corporation would automatically curtail contributions if a rising stock market pushed asset values above the fund's actuarial target.

The current Social Security system has even more perverse side-effects on private savings and the federal deficit than defined-benefit pension plans. It promises a guaranteed income to every American citizen, while investing the government's tax receipts in some of the lowest-yielding assets available in the financial markets.

If Social Security assets had been invested in equities and bonds at practically any point during the past half-century, the government would have been able to choose between boosting Social Security payments and reducing the level of payroll taxation needed to finance the system.

All the industrial nations will confront great fiscal challenges during the twenty-first century because of the aging of their populations. Two-thirds of all the people who have ever lived to the age of 65 in the history of mankind are alive today, and life expectancy is still increasing.

Despite the fact that Mr. Robert Dole already qualifies for Social Security and that President Clinton is a member of the baby-boom generation which will produce major strains in the Social Security system's financial health, neither dares to discuss the issue of privatization because the public has not yet been educated about the choices that lie ahead.

The White House has appointed a task force on Social Security reform, but the members are so divided that they will probably delay their report until after the election. Since Mr. Dole has hinted that he would be only a one-term President, while Mr. Clinton would not be allowed to seek a third term, either would be well positioned to take the risk of promoting a major debate about the nation's system of retirement savings. But on the basis of general philosophical attitudes toward the issue of entitlements in the two major political parties, a Republican White House and Congress are more likely to enact far-reaching Social Security reforms than a divided government or one dominated solely by the Democrats. Since the critical determinant of U.S. interest rates in the year 2000 will not be whether Congress approves a Dole or a Clinton economic program, but rather how Social Security reform affects the U.S. savings rate, a Republican victory in November should not be viewed as negative for the U.S. bond market. □

. . . Election Doubts

The Republicans are focusing on trivial issues, and ignoring matters of great importance.

SCOTT MCCONNELL

THE commercials intended to mobilize the committed and sway the undecided follow one upon another. Bill Clinton proposed 342 spending bills, Bob Dole cut Medicare; Bill Clinton's a liberal, Bob Dole cut drug-treatment funds. Before the news, after the news, it's one dour politician's face after another. Even the best ad, the Dole spot showing Clinton flirting with his teenage audience on MTV—"You know I tried" to inhale—doesn't convince a father of teens like myself that the election result would have much relevance in this realm. Instead, the squalid battle of the airwaves leads to the thought that this election has little to do with any political issue of consequence.

Imagine trying to persuade European friends that much was at stake in the presidential race. They would not be bowled over by the news that, yes, Hillary Rodham Clinton did profit from her position as the Arkansas governor's wife in 1986. But once past Whitewater, Travelgate, Filegate, and the like, little remains besides Bob Dole's pledge to cut taxes.

There are of course several great issues that our European friends—and most Americans—would easily grasp. The problem is that the men on the Republican ticket show not the slightest inclination to put them before the voters.

Begin with welfare. This year Congress passed, and President Clinton reluctantly signed, a welfare-reform bill that deserves to be called historic. It ends federal welfare entitlement—and shifts funds and power away from Washington to the states. Since Charles Murray published *Losing Ground* in 1984, no serious analysis of the problem of black America, or urban America, has ignored the impact of the welfare system. But even if there is a considerable consensus that offering a guaranteed federal payment to never-married teenage mothers has led to social disaster, no one is certain about the best alternative. In a high-tech economy, when even people with the habits of work sometimes have trouble making ends meet, what are the job prospects of young ghetto mothers? And yet to retreat—as many in the Clinton circle plainly want to do—would be to admit that a third generation of welfare dependents will bring forth another, and that America's cities will not be safe in our lifetime.

THUS the United States stands poised on the threshold of a huge social experiment, described by the British historian Paul Johnson as a potential "turning point" in American history. Signing the bill has earned Clinton the enmity of left-wing Democrats, and he is now seeking to mollify them. And Bob Dole and Jack Kemp stand . . . where exactly? Does one hear them say we can indeed make the welfare reform a success? Do they remind the voters where the reform came from (the GOP Congress), why it was necessary, and where it will lead?

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To ask such questions is to acknowledge the answer.

Probably one should read Dole's and Kemp's silence about welfare reform as a sign that they are embarrassed by it. It is a "controversial" issue freighted with racial implications (though of course many welfare recipients are white), and thus one that a ticket committed to presenting the GOP as every bit the equal of Democrats in its commitment to "inclusion" and "diversity" must avoid at all costs.

Immigration has the potential to change irremediably the culture and nature of this country

Of even greater importance than welfare is immigration—which has the potential to change fundamentally and irremediably the culture and nature of this country. Here the silence from the top of the GOP ticket is remarkable, both because there are large popular majorities of voters committed to greater immigration controls, and because, unlike finding jobs for welfare mothers, the issue simply isn't that difficult. The mass immigration of people who don't have much education intensifies every American social problem. It crowds the schools, heightens the demand for government services, reduces the wages of working-class Americans, and leads inexorably to the unraveling of this nation's "Eurocentric" culture. Without mass Third World immigration—and concomitant, cheerfully made, predictions that whites will soon be a minority in the United States—the movement to render everything from grade-school curriculums to the liturgy of the Christian churches more responsive to Third World perspectives would be little more than a marginal left-wing project.

Of course immigrants are anything but a homogeneous group. Educated Asian and European immigrants tend to do very well. But the United States currently takes its largest slice of immigrants from the peasant cultures of Mexico and Central America and the Caribbean, and has recently opened a new immigration stream from Africa. Robert Samuelson, the *Washington Post*'s wonderfully centrist columnist, has dubbed this policy "importing poverty," and it is difficult to see where he is wrong.

One suspects that deep in his bones, Bob Dole understands this. But his campaign gives no hint of it. Indeed, the only time Dole has mentioned the subject before a broad public, his words seemed like a rebuke to the immigration-reform movement and an effort to appease the National Council of La Raza and other advocates of open borders.

In his San Diego acceptance speech, Dole saw fit to tell the delegates that Mexicans who came to the United States "this morning" have the same right to the American dream as the Founding Fathers and their descendants. Taken literally, the remark is nearly a platitude, but it surely sat a bit uneasily with those, in the Convention Hall and beyond, whose vision of the American Dream does not include the transformation of the United States into a Third World country. Dole surely knew (or should have known) that a good many legal immigrants from Mexico are given to demonstrating in the streets of nearby Los Angeles, waving Mexican flags and attacking the Border Patrol for apprehending their illegal brethren. Dole's ode to the Mexicans was delivered in the midst of dire warnings from social-service providers in the heavily immigrant counties of Texas and California that chaos was certain if welfare reform were enacted. The Founding Fathers, whatever their sins, did not rely on Food Stamps.

Dole's selection of Jack Kemp as his running-mate and heir apparent only reinforces his weakness on those issues. Since Dole is viewed as a poor campaigner, any electoral success the ticket attains is likely to be credited to Kemp. The Republican "Happy Warrior," the man who, according to his friend, Harlem Congressman Charles Rangel, is "too good for the Republican Party," Jack Kemp is the one national political figure who could find a silver lining in the O. J. verdict (blacks saw it as "overturning one hundred years of lynch law"). Kemp was an outspoken opponent of California's Proposition 187; until the morrow after his selection he opposed the California Civil Rights Initiative. In all matters touching on diversity and race, Kemp resembles nothing so much as a white liberal of 1960s vintage.

In moral terms, this is no crime; there was much grace and hope in those days. But realism is a virtue for political leaders. In Jack Kemp's world, the poor will acquire middle-class sensibilities when government enables them to "purchase" their apartments in housing projects; urban ghettos will hum with entrepreneurship when the state ceases to tax them. In an open-borders America, an ever-rising population of Central Americans and old- and new-stock blacks will get along swimmingly with retreating WASPs and white ethnics—so long as taxes are low, affirmative action is precisely calibrated, and government otherwise stays out of the way. It is hardly a malevolent vision. But it is a naïve one, which no more takes the world as it really is than did Henry Wallace and his ideological heirs when they argued that what Stalin needed from the West was a greater sense of security and understanding.

GIVEN the Dole–Kemp ticket, with its regrettable silences and occasional wrongheadedness on the issues of great importance, might it not actually be better if the GOP lost? Would not, in the ashes of defeat, some challenge arise to the received wisdom that the GOP should move as near as possible to the Democrats on "diversity" issues, while stressing only "economic" ones? Of course, such a defeat could drag down, quite undeservedly, the GOP Congress. And a Clinton re-election would probably lead to a flurry of liberal court appointments. But if one feels it is important for the United States to deal with immigration soon, before the changing demographics render civil debate on the issue even more difficult, it is hard to see how a Dole triumph helps.

Moreover, the GOP ticket's silence on welfare reform and its shameful

"Flankman finally woke up and smelled the coffee. Unfortunately for him, it was decaf."

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abstention from the battle over quotas (even now, has one heard Dole or Kemp give any real support to the California Civil Rights Initiative?) makes it easy to imagine that a defeat of the top of the ticket would be no disaster. □

Bias Basics

The data clearly demonstrate that liberal journalists report the news liberally.

ALLAN LEVITE

IS THERE a prevailing liberal bias among the major news media? Until now, this has been largely a matter of opinion. Conservatives typically complain of it, while liberals often deny its existence. It is usually admitted, however, that political liberals are much more heavily represented among people working for the major media than among the general public. The well-known study by S. Robert Lichter, Stanley Rothman, and Linda Richter, *The Media Elite*, based on in-depth interviews with 238 major-media journalists, found that liberals outnumbered conservatives by 54 per cent to 17 per cent. A nationwide *Los Angeles Times* study (August 11, 1985) administered its own poll to 3,000 reporters and editors and got almost exactly the same result: 55 per cent liberal and 17 per cent conservative. (The *Times* survey, which also polled 3,000 members of the general public, found that in the latter group 24 per cent were liberal, 29 per cent conservative, and 33 per cent "neither," a striking contrast to the findings for journalists.)

Although this liberal tilt is usually acknowledged by the major media, it is often said that professional standards prevent it from translating into news bias. Many efforts have been made to put this claim to the test. But analyzing network news for bias is very difficult, since any in-depth research would require the tape recording of all three major networks simultaneously, and the assessment of news content would involve some interpretation. However, thanks to the invention of the CD-ROM and computer databases, it is now possible to test the print media for ideological bias by simply performing word-count searches for favorable and unfavorable labels.

For example, the word "activist" implies dedication, effort, and sincerity. The word "extremist" implies fanaticism, intolerance, and possibly even violence. If liberal media bias is prevalent, a search of media sources would find the word "activist" applied to liberals far more often than to conservatives, while the word "extremist" would be applied to conservatives much more often than to liberals.

SEARCHES of the ProQuest full-text CD-ROM listings reveal that between January 1994 and March 1995, the *New York Times* had 289 articles that applied the word "activist" to liberals, liberal causes, or the Left. Only 65 applied it to conservatives or conservative causes. This is a ratio of 4.4 to 1. The term "extremist" was used by the same source in only 25 articles referring to liberalism, but in 78 articles referring to conservatism, a 3 to 1 ratio.

The table on the next page contains the results of a search of the Lexis/Nexis newspaper database of about 170 publications. The figures show the phrases "conservative attack" and "conservative criticism" occurring 4.2 times more often than "liberal attack" and "liberal criticism." Similarly, "Republican attack" and "Republican criticism" occurred 2.9 times more often than "Democratic attack" and "Democratic criticism."

The prefix "arch," applied to people, is generally unfavorable. "Arch-traitor" and "arch-villain" are fairly common expressions, but not "arch-patriot" or "arch-hero." Such terms as "arch-enemy" or "arch-nemesis" are commonly used, but not "arch-friend" or "arch-ally." The table shows that the print media used the terms "archconservative" and "arch conservative" more than "archliberal" and "arch liberal" (both variations were included in the count) by a ratio of 20 to 1.

Furthermore, the key phrases far right, extreme right, and radical right are found almost twice as often as far left, extreme left, and radical left. Because Lexis/Nexis goes back as far as 1977 (in the case of the *Washington Post*), 1980 (for the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*), and 1985 (for the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Los Angeles Times*), whatever right-wing extremism developed during the early-to-mid 1990s could not have been a major cause of this slant. Indeed, the same database shows the phrase "right wing" occurring more than 153,000 times, far more often than "left wing." These milder phrases do not necessarily refer to bomb-throwing extremists; they often refer to politicians, writers, and academics. Much the same can be said for the key word "ultraconservative" and its variant, "ultra conservative," which the table shows occurring 3.7 times more often than "ultraliberal" and "ultra liberal."

A nationwide Los Angeles Times *study of reporters and editors found that 55 per cent were liberal and 17 per cent were conservative*

Adding the results of the searches for the key words far right/extreme right/radical right and far left/extreme left/radical left, the ProQuest General Periodicals index showed a 4 to 1 ratio for 1993–94 (122 to 30); a 2.77 to 1 ratio for the 1990–92 (236 to 85); and a 2.4 to 1 ratio for 1986–89 (272 to 113). While these ratios have been increasing, they were already above 2 to 1 in the mid-to-late 1980s. In addition, there is the Public Affairs Information Service International Database, which includes books, journal articles, gov-

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ernment documents, and committee reports all the way back to 1972. A PAIS search performed in the fall of 1995 showed a ratio of 2.28 to 1 between far right/extreme right/ radical right and far left/extreme left/radical left.

Of course, many of these articles concern purely non-political subjects. An occurrence of the word "right-wing" could refer to a hockey player; "far right" could be referring the reader to the far right area of the page; "archconservative" often refers not to politics, but to the game strategy of an athletic coach or the investment strategy of a financier. But there is an equal chance of this happening on either side. In addition, not all these key words will represent the newspaper's own voice. Some will be from letters to the editor, and quite a few will be the words of politicians and public figures who are simply quoted describing their opponents. But since liberal and conservative candidates have an equal incentive to describe the other side as a bunch of extremists, the news columns should not show this remarkably consistent pattern of describing one side favorably and the other unfavorably if all they were doing was quoting. Public figures typically utter many sentences during interviews or public statements, of which only a few end up in print. The media portrayal of conservatives as extreme and liberals as moderate indicates that bias affects the selection of letters to the editor and quotation from public figures just as much as it affects straight news.

IT ALSO seems to affect the extent to which wealthy Republican political candidates are referred to as such by the press, as if the word "wealthy" were a part of their names. Such words are rarely applied in news coverage to Ted Kennedy and other wealthy Democratic candidates. The Lexis/Nexis database shows that descriptions of Republicans and conservatives as wealthy greatly outnumbered the similar treatment of Democrats and liberals.

There is little reason to believe that this situation reflects reality. A few years ago, when the Competitive Enterprise Institute rated members of Congress on their commitment to lower taxes and less government spending and regulation, it discovered that the ten richest members of the House of Representatives had a noticeably lower score than their less wealthy colleagues. Eight of the ten wealthiest congressmen were Democrats, and three of these (Sidney Yates, Pete Stark, and Nancy Pelosi) are known for their conspicuous liberalism. When both Houses of Congress were considered, nine of the eleven wealthiest members were Democrats.

Despite the reluctance of the media to focus on it, there has never been a shortage of wealthy liberals, such as Ted Turner, Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, Candice Bergen, Katharine Graham, Warren Beatty, Glenda Jackson, and Stewart Mott (an heir to the General Motors fortune). Joan Kroc, the widow of McDonald's founder Ray Kroc, donated part of his fortune to the Democratic Party. Marshall Field III, heir to the Chicago department-store fortune, was a frequent contributor to liberal causes. Averell Harriman, a lifelong Democrat, was the son of railway tycoon Edward Harriman, one of the richest men in America. Among the supporters of the very liberal John Lindsay were more than sixty people noted for their wealth, including two Vanderbilts, a Whitney, an Armour, an Astor, A. P. Sloan Jr. (General Motors), and Henry Ford II.

LEXIS-NEXIS KEY WORD SEARCH

Ultraliberal, Ultra Liberal	2,071	Ultraconservative, Ultra Conservative	7,685
Democratic Attack, Democratic Criticism	1,529	Republican Attack, Republican Criticism	4,453
Archliberal, Arch Liberal	153	Archconservative, Arch Conservative	3,103
Liberal Attack, Liberal Criticism	290	Conservative Attack, Conservative Criticism	1,221
Liberal Backlash	39	Conservative Backlash	569
Left Wing	85,221	Right Wing	153,385
Far Left, Extreme Left, Radical Left	25,453	Far Right, Extreme Right, Radical Right	49,356
Rich Democrat	276	Rich Republican	798
Wealthy Democrat	191	Wealthy Republican	756
Wealthy Liberal	143	Wealthy Conservative	398
Rich Liberal	141	Rich Conservative	198

About a fifth of the Lexis/Nexis newspaper database consists of business newspapers and trade periodicals, such as *Pensions & Investment Age*, the *Corporate Legal Times*, and *Crain's New York Business*. Liberal bias is unlikely to prevail among such publications, which means that the database used for the chart showed less bias than would a database confined to regular daily newspapers. This is borne out by other searches. At the time of search, InfoTrac's national newspaper index on CD-ROM covered the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, for the period of early 1992 to early September 1995. Its abstracts contained over 607,000 citations, and told the same story, only more so. Lexis/Nexis's ratio of far right/extreme right/radical right/right wing to far left/extreme left/radical left/left wing was only about 2.7 to 1. But in the InfoTrac search, this group of key words on the left appeared only 28 times, while the same key words on the right came up 357 times, a ratio of 12.75 to 1.

The ProQuest and NewsBank indexes of the *New York Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the *Seattle Times*, and the *Chicago Tribune* for 1990–94 show only 2 references to a "liberal backlash" and 59 references to a "conservative backlash"—a ratio of 29.5 to 1. During the same five years, these four newspapers had a total of 217 articles that used the term "arch conservative" or "archconservative," and only 9 that used the term "arch liberal" or "archliberal." This is a ratio of over 24 to 1. They also used the terms "conservative attack" and "conservative criticism" a total of 59 times, while "liberal attack" and "liberal criticism" occurred only 6 times—a 9.8 to 1 ratio—even though the Republicans held the White House for three of the five years in question, a period in which liberals would have been more critical than conservatives.

The question of why media bias is so pervasive must focus on why the political views of journalists—particularly major-media journalists—are so different from those of the public at large. Obviously, the journalists' occupation and social position play a key role, since their political views resemble the views of writers and academics, not the views of blue-collar workers.

Managerial psychologist Harry Levinson has suggested that "With less physiological work, less handling of materials, and less action for some people, the function of work as an atonement device may be lost. People who are not working feel guilty. If work seemingly makes fewer demands on them, that makes them uneasy." Artists, writers, actors, and academics may be susceptible to guilt about not having to perform arduous manual labor even if they are not actually wealthy. And among those who *are* rich, the situation is often aggravated. Peggy Rockefeller and Laura Rockefeller were members of the far-left

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Students for a Democratic Society. Peggy's cousin Marion Weber actually hoped that a revolution would come along and relieve her of her wealth. Alida Rockefeller was also attracted to radicalism, and Abby Rockefeller was smitten with Marxism. Josephine Drexel Biddle Duke, who led a violent demonstration against Secretary of State Dean Rusk, was descended from James Duke, founder of the giant American Tobacco Company. For persons who regret occupying this socio-economic stratum, egalitarian politics offers a way out: if the embarrassing contrast between social positions is reduced or eliminated, there would be much less reason to feel uncomfortable about not being poor, or not being a manual laborer.

HOW closely do metropolitan and major-media journalists fit this profile? Three factors are involved. First of all, they often receive large salaries. A 1985 *Los Angeles Times* poll showed that only 18 per cent of the general public earned over $40,000, but over half of the newspaper journalists did. According to *The Media Elite*, by 1990 the starting salary for *New York Times* reporters exceeded $50,000; the average *Washington Post* reporter received nearly $60,000. At the three major networks, news anchors may now earn over $1 million per year; even some local anchors now do.

Second, journalism itself is a cushy and enjoyable job that always has many more applicants than openings.

Third, major-media journalists report what is happening in the world but do not participate in it. As the Associated Press's former General Manager Wes Gallagher has observed, a reporter records events but is divorced from them.

All of this supports the conclusion that most journalists, especially those in the major media, will be liberals. Political doctrines that promise to alleviate social inequities would have special value for them, because any lessening of the gulf between the comfortable and the deprived would reduce the philosophical uneasiness of the comfortable. This situation did not always hold true among journalists, but the further they have moved away from the workaday world, the more pronounced it has become.

It is sometimes claimed that journalists become liberals by being continually exposed to news about crime, poverty, and other social problems, the understandable response to which is a bias toward reformist viewpoints. If this were true, however, older journalists would be more liberal than their younger colleagues, having been exposed to such unsettling reports for a longer period. But the Lichter–Rothman surveys mentioned earlier showed that younger journalists are considerably more liberal than their older counterparts. Anyway, if the "exposure" reasoning were correct, we could expect all the reports about government misdeeds and scandals to have turned the majority of journalists into libertarians or anarchists by now.

In the past, there were many conservative commentators and newspapers. But those were also the days of hard-bitten, whisky-drinking, seat-of-the-pants journalism, hardly resembling the present-day variety. Media luminary Ben Bagdikian, in fact, has written that before World War II journalism was a way for working-class people to advance themselves, and that college educations were seldom required and may even have been a disadvantage. In 1936, only 51 per cent of reporters in Washington, D.C., were college graduates. Today, 93 per cent have degrees. The profession today is characterized by journalists and editors whose values differ markedly from the values both of their scrappy predecessors and of the masses.

Because of the unique socio-economic situation of journalists, the professional standards of the nation's newspapers have been unable to prevent the wholesale slanting of the news in the direc-

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tions indicated above. It remains to be seen whether the media will act to restore the political balance that they acknowledge is needed. The first step would be to abandon their efforts to deny that this bias exists. □

Russian Roulette

The United States has friends and enemies in Moscow—and we must learn to tell one from the other.

IRA STRAUS

WITH Yeltsin groggy and a succession struggle already under way in Moscow, Westerners need to be clear on who are their friends and who are their enemies.

Few things could be more important than to have friends in power in Russia. The ability of the West to support its friends there will play a bigger role in the outcome of the current crisis than most Westerners realize, since the Russians have placed great weight in the last decade on a good relationship with the West.

Yet there is a problem: public figures in the West have shown an amazing tendency to confuse our friends with our enemies. Some have even preferred the enemies, on the theory that Russia has to be our foe, so better to have open enemies in the Kremlin than friendly sounding people who might fool the rest of us.

Fortunately, when Russia's fate was hanging in the balance during the presidential election this year, the Western governments understood that Yeltsin was a friend and Zyuganov was an enemy. They gave real help to Yeltsin. Except for this, we might already be facing a Communist in the Kremlin again.

However, many other Westerners were so anti-Yeltsin that they might as well have been supporting Zyuganov. Former anti-Communists started talking as if they didn't care if the Communists came back to power, saying things like "It doesn't make any big difference for the West whether Yeltsin or Zyuganov wins, they're all bad democrats, anti-Western, expansionist . . ." Pundits waxed enthusiastic about any "third force" leader like Yavlinsky or Lebed who appeared on the Moscow scene, turning a blind eye to the evidence that these leaders were far less friendly to the West than Yeltsin.

The Russians, for their part, did understand who was who among their candidates. It was obvious to them who was pro-Western and who was anti-Western. They voted on this very basis, as shown in exit polls. Fortunately for us, the voters were mostly pro-Western and elected the pro-Western candidate.

Asked how they felt about the United States, Russians fell into three attitude groups: 1) 34 per cent of them viewed the U.S. as an ally, 2) 24 per cent viewed us as an enemy, and 3) 37 per cent saw us as neutral. Notice that those who view us as allies outnumber those who view us as enemies by 3 to 2. This attitude is our main asset in Russia, and we need to nurture it. It is our main protection against having Russia as an enemy again.

Its importance is confirmed by the fact that the three different attitude groups correlated with sharply different voting patterns. The correlation wasn't just statistically meaningful, it was overwhelming. 1) Of those who viewed the U.S. as an ally, 49 per cent voted in the first round for Yeltsin, only 20 per cent for Zyuganov. 2) Of those who viewed the U.S. as an enemy, the numbers were reversed: 46 per cent voted for Zyuganov, a mere 17 per cent for Yeltsin. 3) Those who were neutral toward the U.S. voted in disproportionate numbers for Lebed and Yavlinsky.

It was crystal clear to Russians that Yeltsin was the pro-Western candidate and that Zyuganov was the anti-Western candidate. They voted accordingly.

It has become a shibboleth in the West to label Yeltsin an anti-Western nationalist and an expansionist to boot. This has a surrealistic ring in the ears of Russians, who live daily with the consequences of Yeltsin's having contracted the borders of Russia all the way back to pre-1700 lines. Vladimir Lukin—Yavlinsky's foreign-policy expert—used to ridicule the Yeltsin government for being "frozen in a posture of a kiss to the West." Yeltsin continues to be more pro-Western than Yavlinsky or Gorbachev, the two Russians most often lionized in the West.

It is standard practice in the Western media to identify Yavlinsky as "the radical economic reformer." Yet in reality this has described Yeltsin, Gaidar, and Chubais, not Yavlinsky, who has been a bitter critic of radical reform.

Once again, Russian voters understood the reality better. Of those Russians who wanted private individuals to own the big industrial enterprises, 62 per cent voted for Yeltsin, only 11 per cent for Yavlinsky. Of those who wanted the state to own the big enterprises, 39 per cent voted for Zyuganov, 27 per cent for Yeltsin, 9 per cent for Yavlinsky.

The "anyone but Yeltsin" mentality led to a strange enthusiasm for General Lebed during the elections. The honeymoon ended when Lebed joined up with Yeltsin; after that, his xenophobic outbursts were judged by a higher standard.

LEBED is a very emotional nationalist. He wrote last year that the secret of Russian history is that Russia has no friends in the world—the point being that Yeltsin & Co. are fools because they think of the West as a friend. Lebed has recently veered from expansionist nationalism to isolationist nationalism; thus he has said that, if the West wants to waste its money on expanding NATO, let it go ahead. In the upside-down world of some Western writers, this comment was labeled pro-Western—and pro-Western Russians were labeled anti-Western when they said they wanted to be a part of NATO.

Lebed could still conceivably evolve into a pro-Western politician, if the West shows that it can be a friend to a friendly Russia. He has bemoaned the failure of the West to give real help to Russian reform in 1992. As a military tough, what is crucial for him is for the West to show that it accepts a pro-Western approach as being compatible with a muscular patriotism, e.g., by car-

Mr. Straus is U.S. Coordinator of the Committee on Eastern Europe and Russia in NATO.

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rying out a joint operation against a common danger, and by organizing a serious Russian–Western alliance through NATO. Failing this, we should be ready for Lebed to revert to an anti-Western posture.

Why do Westerners get it wrong when it comes to Russians? Three different groups can be blamed for this: Communophilic leftists, Russophobic rightists, and status-quo centrists.

Too many leftists? Do some liberals actually need a Communist Russia for the sake of the moral balance of power vis-à-vis capitalism? Is it possible that, when they label Yeltsin a poor democrat or an anti-Western nationalist, their real complaint is that Yeltsin is too pro-Western and pro-market? Certainly many Cold War leftists built up an interest in an anti-Western Russia, if only to have a chance to interpose themselves as peacemakers. Third Worldists also had an interest in Soviet Communism; it was a bulwark in the global struggle against Western influence. They have been weakened by Russia's accommodation to the West. Their worst nightmare is to think of the Russians—who are too white and European to begin with—joining the Western-imperialist club.

Too many rightists? Are there too many old Cold Warriors around, people who miss having the Soviet Union as an enemy? Obviously. However, the true anti-Communists were never against *Russia*, they were against Communism. President Reagan changed his line on Russia just as fast as Russia itself changed.

Too many centrists? Is it perhaps, then, the *centrist* Cold Warriors who need a hostile Russia? If so, they can do the most damage, since they are deeply entrenched in the foreign-policy apparatus.

There is a special breed of centrist "realist" that is deeply attached to the status quo. It is proud of all that it has learned about how to manage the status quo. It doesn't like changes that render its expertise useless, and tries to deny that they are real. In the 1980s it was denying that Gorbachev was for real. Nowadays it is inventing arguments for a continuity in adversary relations with Russia. It doesn't want a sharp conflict with Russia, but it is still arguing for something like détente with Russia; that is, a quiet cold-war relation.

This school always looked down on the simple moral ideas of the common people, with their unmediated impressions of good and evil, friend and foe, Communist and democrat. It doesn't bother to ask if Russians want to be our friends; it simply defines Russia as an enemy on the basis of one of the geopolitical checkerboards of yesteryear.

Seen on the actual global checkerboard today, Russia is one of the European populations that constitute a shrinking minority in the world. It is the tail end of Europe, with a mere fifth of its population and rapidly shrinking. Real living Russians, no longer our enemies on a musty checkerboard, are acutely conscious of their common interests with the other Europeans in relation to Islamic fundamentalism and to the vast growing populations in the South.

The years since 1985 have been hard on the status-quo centrists. To defend their preconceptions, they had to take a leaf from their arch-enemies, the con-

(Continues on page 80)

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

October 9, 1996

Dear Rusty,

We win!!

Well, almost. Bill had a terrific first debate with Bob Dole. "Four years ago, you took me on faith. Now, there's a record." Pretty good, huh?

So now it's up to me to give Jack Kemp the old Gore one-two, and let me tell you, I am raring to go! I've spent the past few days boning up on Kemp's record, and I am prepared to play hardball. I'm not proud of it, but I do understand the essential role of the Vice President, which is, besides preparing to run for President myself, to get tough on the opposition.

"If you liked Ronald Reagan, you'll love Jack Kemp!" How's that for withering? And trust me, there's more where that came from.

I'm sitting in the green room right now, Rusty, waiting for the red light to go on and for the debate to begin. And I'll be honest with you: I'm not at all nervous. I banished Tipper from the room a few minutes ago—she was pretty helpful getting me ready for tonight, but I got tired of hearing her ask me every five minutes to "do the Macarena one more time." I mean, I'm no show-business expert—although I believe that Bill Clinton and I have contributed significantly to reducing the amount of violence that reaches our children through television, and we've been highly active in preparing our nation for the future of telecommunications (How does that sound? Too stiff? Let me know)—but my understanding of show business is that you always leave them wanting more. So no, I don't plan to "do the Macarena" again, no matter how much Tipper asks.

In a way, Rusty, tonight is just a warm-up. Let's be honest: Bill and I are cruising to victory in November. After that, it's basically four years of prosperity, a couple of cold days in Iowa and New Hampshire, and then it's me and Jack Kemp, back again behind a couple of lecterns.

So, tonight, I have to establish my strength. Let me give you a sample of my battle plan:

If Kemp talks about his nutty tax-cut idea, my response is going to be: "As I cradled my dying sister in my arms, held her for the last time, as the tears streamed down her cheeks, mingled with mine, she looked up into my eyes and said, 'Al, promise me that you won't take the country back to the supply-side Reagan Eighties, which gave tax cuts to the rich and ballooned the deficit, saddled our children with debt and widened the gap between rich and poor.'"

If Kemp talks about the environment, my response is going to be: "As my son, bleeding and unconscious, lay in the street—I could hear the sirens wail as the ambulance drew near, and Tipper was silently praying—and I noticed that his little body was slumped against a storm drain, a drain that empties directly into the ocean, I made a silent vow that I would do everything in my power to clean up the environment."

If Kemp makes a comment about drug use going up, my response is going to be: "When my daughter—whom I love more than anything—ate ice cream too quickly, she suffered from a tremendous headache. And as she clutched at her head, exclaiming loudly at the pain, Tipper and I both put down our spoons, looked at each other, and made a solemn vow to fight this deadly scourge that afflicts our children."

If he brings up Bosnia or Haiti: "My father, who was himself a senator from Tennessee, is almost ninety years old. He won't live very long. Even now, he sometimes has trouble remembering which of my daughters is which. He calls Tipper 'Flipper' occasionally. He's a prime stroke candidate, and to be honest, if the phone rang right now with the news that he had had a nasty fall in the bathroom, well, I wouldn't be surprised. But even in his somewhat addled state, he knows that our policy in Haiti has brought some stability to that troubled island nation, and that our actions in Bosnia, while they do involve the massive deployment of American military personnel, are necessary, and anyone who doubts this is insulting his life's work and smearing his memory, even though he isn't dead yet. But he will be soon. And when he is, I'll make a solemn vow." (I think that one needs a little work, so I'm hoping that Kemp steers clear of foreign policy.)

On welfare reform: "This morning Tipper noticed a milky discharge from her left eye. We think it could be serious. I'm very worried. She's been sluggish and run down lately. The doctors don't give her much chance of recovery."

On Bill's character: "I have a lump in my breast. Male breast cancer is rare and very deadly."

Talk about rapid response! On to victory!

See you at Inaugural II!

Your pal, Al

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

War of the World Views

ROBIN HARRIS

PROFESSOR Samuel P. Huntington's seminal article "The Clash of Civilizations?" (*Foreign Affairs*, Summer 1993) has now lost the original modest question mark, gained length by a factor of ten, and reappeared in the form of his new book, *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order*. Professor Huntington reasserts his original contention:

> Spurred by modernization, global politics is being reconfigured along cultural lines. People and countries with similar cultures are coming together. Peoples and countries with different cultures are coming apart. Alignments defined by ideology and superpower relations are giving way to alignments defined by culture and civilization. Political boundaries increasingly are redrawn to coincide with cultural ones: ethnic, religious, and civilizational. Cultural communities are replacing Cold War blocs, and the fault lines between civilizations are becoming the central lines of conflict in global politics.

This is a bold and brilliant book. The author's single-minded rigor in employing the widest variety of data to make his case and his forceful sweep of assertion carry the reader along almost too easily. Perhaps the best passages—

The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order, by Samuel P. Huntington (Simon & Schuster, 368 pp., $25)

and to the conservative mind the truest insights—are contained in the polemical assaults on the exaggerated optimism of the immediate post–Cold War "New World Order" years. Contemporary predictions of a new era of global democracy and free markets flowing almost inevitably from the collapse of Communism now seem naïve in the extreme. The politics of identity has ruthlessly up-ended the politics of interest. Culture (in the wider, Huntingtonian sense) turns out to matter to modern man even more than economics: global institutions and *bien-pensant* international consensus have been exposed as powerless when confronted by atavistic

Michael Andreev

impulses and obstructive local warlords. In explaining to chastened foreign-policy advisors and practitioners the limits that cultural factors place upon them, the Huntington thesis has had a beneficial impact.

Mr. Harris, a member of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Policy Unit, continues to advise Lady Thatcher on foreign policy.

But Huntington is also convinced that the West is in steep decline. Looking only a little ahead, he predicts that "the age of Western dominance will be over." And, as befits the head of security planning for the National Security Council in the Carter Administration, he does not seem to consider this a subject for regret, since "the West won the world not by the superiority of its ideas or values or religion (to which few members of other civilizations were converted) but rather by its superiority in applying organized violence." Nor does he draw the obvious conclusion that in this clash of civilizations, which the West has been losing, we Westerners ought to make a greater effort to win—perhaps by reinforcing our Western cultural distinctness, restoring national traditions through education, strengthening our defenses, and fighting the global battle for our ideas. Instead, he concludes that we must "search for what is common to most civilizations . . . renounce universalism, accept diversity, and seek commonalities." But therein lies a problem. For if the implications of the first part of the book are correct—that Islam is resolutely militant, that China is surging toward great-power domination, that the Orthodox Slavic world is neither willing nor able to establish a common basis of respect with the Western Christian countries—there surely *are* no significant "commonalities" to find.

Mr. Huntington shies away from this grim conclusion, and understandably so. The world is indeed dangerous—but not as dangerous as the paradigm of a titanic clash of civilizations suggests. And this is because the thesis itself, though illuminating, is defective.

The defects begin with the initial assumption. Huntington defines civilizations as "the biggest 'we' within which we feel culturally at home as distinguished from all the other 'thems' out there." But though a civilization may constitute the *biggest* it does not necessarily constitute the *strongest* "we." Loyalties certainly exist toward civilizations. But in much of the world, stronger loyalties exist toward nation states. The author spends much time discussing the Far East and little discussing Europe, which is regrettable. Whether or not a

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common European civilization exists in cultural terms, it manifestly does not for political purposes. As for a common civilization with North America, the principal advocates of European integration are rootedly hostile to this notion. If Europe is moving toward economic and political union, it is as a result of what governing elites in France, Germany, and to a lesser extent Britain want—not because French culture has become more German, or British culture less Anglo-Saxon.

The world is not as dangerous as the paradigm of a titanic clash of civilizations suggests

But leaving Europe aside, even in the Far East, where Huntington is scathing about bungling Western policy based on crude universalism, we should think twice before accepting the legitimacy that civilizational factors are alleged to give to current trends. China's brutish threats to stamp out political freedoms in Hong Kong, its war games against Taiwan, its defense build-up, and its support for the most anti-Western Islamic regimes are all interpreted *à la* Huntington as features of a "Chinese nationalism" which, unlike the Western democratic idea for which people died in Tiananmen Square, is a taste shared by the Chinese masses.

Similarly, we are supposed to conclude from the scornful public rejection by the leaders of Singapore and Malaysia of "Western" notions of human rights that "almost all non-Western civilizations [are] resistant to this [human-rights] pressure from the West." But when did anyone ask the Chinese people whether they would rather be ruled by today's (nationalist or Communist, and villainous) gerontocracy or by a Western-style government that upheld human rights? In fact, far from embracing the prospect of rejoining "Sinic civilization," the Chinese in Hong Kong are terrified of what will happen after 1997, and the Chinese in Taiwan—where a genuine "Western-style" democracy has evolved recently—will fight to the last to remain out of Peking's clutches. We cannot, of course, know for sure whether Huntington and other cultural relativists are right about the "real" wishes of Far Eastern populations. But we do know that, so far, there have been no protests in Far Eastern countries against *respect* for human rights—while there are continuing protests against the *abuse* of human rights.

Undoubtedly, the most promising field in which to test the validity of the Huntington thesis is in the West's relations with Islam. Islam does at least fit into the paradigm of a "civilization" that unites within it peoples around the globe through a single religion, a single law, and a single (or at least common) language; moreover, in most cases these bonds are more important than those of tribe, race, or nationality. If the clash of civilizations is not the dominant explanation of events here, it is unlikely to be so anywhere else.

That such a clash exists is not, of course, in question. But when it comes to cold assessment of the strategic significance of this civilizational clash, the rather surprising conclusion is that it is limited. For the world of Islam is both technologically backward and deeply split. The ability of Islamic states to wage war against the West is generally very limited: that is why Islamic movements prefer terrorism. Islamic governments may be about to obtain long-range missiles and are acquiring nuclear and chemical weapons: that will demand a serious response; but the West undoubtedly has the means, through credible threats of retaliation and through the urgent development of ballistic-missile defense, to overcome this challenge—as long as it also has the will. Whatever Islamic myth may suggest, the Islamic world did not beat the Russians in Afghanistan (the Stingers did that), it did not beat the West in the Gulf War, and, most telling of all, it huffed and puffed but did nothing significant to assist the beleaguered Muslims in Bosnia.

Indeed, the crisis in the former Yugoslavia shows precisely why the dazzling generalizations of *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order* mask rather than reveal the realities of conflict in today's world. Huntington states: "the Bosnian War is one more bloody episode in an ongoing clash of civilizations." No serious student of modern Yugoslav history would accept this analysis. Today's (limited) religious polarization in the former Yugoslavia is the consequence, not the cause, of the conflict, which was planned and waged by a Communist opportunist in Belgrade whose objective was to retain power while other Communists were losing it. In the former Yugoslavia it is most frequently members of the old Communist elite, who have transformed themselves into different guises but held onto power, that want the West to believe that culture and religion are the reasons for murder, land-grabs, and looting. And the Bosnian Muslims have had to look to their civilizational "enemy," America, for their salvation.

For all its virtuosity, Huntington's analysis does not, then, ultimately pass muster. It does not sufficiently describe what motivates states; it does not offer a satisfactory means of predicting their future behavior; and it offers no rationale for responding to the threats such behavior may create. And cultural determinism thus turns out to be as unsatisfactory a basis as economic determinism for predicting the shape of events in the kaleidoscope of post–Cold War global politics. □

Two Millennia in the Mideast

J. B. KELLY

SOME forty or more years ago, when I was a postgraduate student at the University of London, Bernard Lewis looked at me one day with an expression of resigned disbelief and said, a little wearily, "I don't know what to make of you, Kelly. You have little Arabic, no Persian or Turkish, and yet I have this awful foreboding that one day you may turn out to be a Middle Eastern historian." I took this, naturally, as the greatest flattery, cheerfully ignoring what any perceptive observer would have recognized as Lewis's fatalistic acceptance of the fact that the world was going to the dogs.

Well, forty years on, and having acquired (and largely lost) a little more Arabic in the interval, I still stand in awe of him. He is without doubt one of

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the greatest scholars in this century of the history of Islam and the Middle East, as well as a foremost authority on the Ottoman Empire and its modern successor state, the Republic of Turkey.

His latest book is, in many respects, a summing up of his life's work, a history of the Middle East over the last two millennia. He starts with the kingdoms and empires of the ancient world—Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia—and in a series of brilliant thumbnail sketches brings out their essential natures, especially their religious natures. It is the same with the historical sketches that follow—of the turbulent history of the Jews, of the Hellenic and Roman periods, of the rise of Byzantium, and of the coming of Islam. His style is limpid and straightforward, "the art that conceals art," notably in his account of the life of the Prophet Muhammad.

Scattered through the book are translated excerpts from accounts by Muslim authors, many of them contemporary, or near-contemporary, with the events described. Some of the quotations, I suspect, are put forward tongue in cheek, to entertain as much as to enlighten. Thus, this extract from a ninth-century author on the proclamation two centuries earlier by Mu'awiya, the founder of the Umayyad Caliphate, of his son Yazid as his successor:

> Some of the people showed disapproval, whereupon a man of the tribe of 'Udhra . . . rose to his feet. Drawing his sword a handspan from the scabbard, he said, "The Commander of the Faithful is that one!" and he pointed to Mu'awiya. "And if he dies, then that one!" and he pointed to Yazid. "And if anyone objects, then this one!" and he pointed to his sword.
>
> Mu'awiya said to him, "You are the prince of orators."

The capture of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks in 1453 was the culmination of the historical process that lies at the heart of Lewis's narrative. It is clear that for him the rise and triumph of the Ottoman Empire was the high point of Middle Eastern history, which is why, perhaps, he suspends his historical narrative at the repulse of the Ottoman Turks at the gates of Vienna in 1689, turning instead to a contemplation in the following chapters of a series of themes—the organization of the state (Byzantine, Persian, Ottoman), society, economics, religion, law, and culture.

To take only one example: Lewis points out that both the Byzantine and Persian Empires were essentially religious in character, the sovereign being charged with spiritual as well as temporal duties. But there was a distinction between *imperium* and *sacerdotium*. The ruler was not the head of the church: the ruling and priestly castes were separate. With the coming of Islam this system was replaced by that of the recently evolved caliphate or imamate, an office that embodied both the spiritual and the temporal, the prime duty of the caliph being to rule over the Muslim community, to safeguard the heritage of the Prophet, and to enforce the Holy Law. Where there was perhaps a point of similarity was that, while the implementation of the Holy Law was the responsibility of the caliph, its exposition or interpretation was the exclusive province of the *ulema* (or doctors of the law). Law and theology, in other words, were inseparable.

Lewis is much more admiring of Islamic civilization than I have allowed myself to be

In the final third of his book Lewis resumes his historical narrative. Tracing with broad strokes the decline and retreat of Muslim power since the early eighteenth century, he concentrates upon questions of trade, agriculture, architecture, and, in particular, Western inroads and influences. (An interesting and ironic example of how dominant Western influence became is afforded by the age-old Middle Eastern pastime of coffee-drinking. For at least two centuries now the coffee and the sugar have come from the Western Hemisphere, while the water flows, as often as not, from reservoirs and filtration plants constructed by Western engineers.)

Looking back, not only over this book but over all that I have read of what Lewis has written, I cannot help feeling that he is much more admiring and much more tolerant of Islamic civilization than I have allowed myself to be. But then I have to confess, forty years on and not much wiser, that the depth of his knowledge and understanding of the Middle East is well beyond the capacity of slackers like me even to contemplate, let alone emulate. May he long continue to inform and enlighten us. □

The Middle East: A Brief History of the Last Two Thousand Years, by Bernard Lewis (Scribner's, 433 pp., $30)

Mr. Kelly is the author of Arabia, the Gulf, and the West.

No Offense

REID BUCKLEY

NEXT to God and religion, the concept most likely to give offense in America today may be patriotism.

Outwardly manifested patriotic sentiment, like religious sentiment, embarrasses sophisticated company. Among the reasons: folk with the education, the knowledge, and presumably the vested interest in the United States most to hold our country in high regard are in significant numbers alienated from contemporary American society, whose morals, mores, intellectual flatulence, greed, and materialism they find personally repulsive. Equally, though for inverse reasons, the charter member of the Anti-Defamation League, the militant in the ranks of the ACLU, black separatists, the Chicano raising the fist of *la Raza*, the Radcliffe graduate to whom feminism will forever be the story of her life, the Hollywood producer of the

Americans No More: The Death of Citizenship, by Georgie Anne Geyer (Atlantic Monthly Press, 368 pp., $23)

Mr. Buckley is president of the Buckley School of Thought, Reflection, & Communications. His new book, Sex, Power, and Pericles: Principles of Advanced Public Speaking, *will be published this fall.*

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Oliver Stone stamp, cannot love America because of its inherent fascism, white male Anglo complacency, and ineradicable racism.

The consequence of this alienation is a radical decline in the virtue that is indispensable to the coherence of a nation, which we call citizenship. Georgie Anne Geyer's new book, *Americans No More*, is excruciating to read on two counts. The first is this: in unsparing detail, it documents the decline, debasement, and dissolution of citizenship, leaving this reader depressed and also feeling guilty.

In an excess of sentimental idiocy, well-meaning liberal enclaves have accorded non-citizens a voting say in local affairs

There is waning cohesive public spirit in the country as the middle class become ever more disgusted with the political process, throwing up their collective hands in disgust and immuring themselves behind the gates of affluent suburban security. Tocqueville defined the genius of our democracy as the eagerness of the average American to join with other citizens in order to do good. That civic-mindedness is fast diminishing. There is no center left, just as there is no public square in which the populace commingles peacefully and joyfully. We are the atomized, boob-tubed, wheeled society. There is no downtown Atlanta, Dallas, Los Angeles, Detroit: when the bustle of the business day ceases, what remains are canyons of fear, despair, and vice.

As a society, we are disintegrating into hostile factions rooted in ethnic and economic group interest, and including an increasingly criminal underclass which views itself as the institutional victim of an oppressive establishment. Since 1965 we have been at the mercy of invading hordes from foreign lands. Citizenship has been cheapened. One need not speak the English language to gain admittance. One need know virtually nothing of the theology, philosophy, history, theory, practice, or norms of our distinctively American republic, which, like it or not, depends on the Judaeo–Christian view of creation and owes its existence to the slow political evolution of the British serf in the direction of sovereign citizenship. In fact, one may actively despise this tradition, one may insult it and blaspheme against it, and nevertheless be granted admittance. We have so lost faith in ourselves and in the peculiar providence of our origins that whereas the city of San Jose removes a beloved crèche from its park to appease the inquisitors of secularism, town fathers pay tens of thousands of dollars to erect a ten-foot-tall, cast-iron statue of Quetzalcoatl, a pagan and bloody god belonging to a superseded culture. And not only is the country being flooded by millions of illegal immigrants; these squatters are being accorded privileges that properly should be available to citizens only, such as state-supported education, free school lunches, free medical care, and so forth, including the vote. You got it right. In an excess of sentimental idiocy, well-meaning liberal enclaves across the country (Wassau, Wisconsin; Takoma Park, outside Washington, D.C.) have accorded immigrant newcomers who are not yet citizens a voting say in local affairs.

We are fast becoming Balkanized, Miss Geyer argues, a country with no common vision and no common faith. Chapter by chapter she details this decay, which approaches the irreversible and portends more Los Angeles riots, more TWA Flight 800s, more Oklahoma City bombings, heading toward the last radical rupture—what we see in Yugoslavia, Lebanon, India, and in hellish nations such as Rwanda or Ethiopia.

Miss Geyer is at her best when she is debunking the public misunderstanding of the words inside the base of the Statue of Liberty, "*Give me your tired, your poor . . .*," which, she explains, were written by Emma Lazarus, a Zionist, and were never intended to characterize American immigration policies; or when she is examining the new totalitarian spirit in this country deriving from post-modernism and deconstructionism by way of multiculturalism.

But I said this book was excruciating to read on two counts. Here is the second. Miss Geyer is prolix. She piles example on example with the effect of smothering the point she is making. A hundred pages should have been edited out of this book. Her allusions are sometimes so esoteric that a po' country boy like me fails to make the connection: as when she pins down her argument by saying, "And at that moment I thought of my respected friend Askar Akaev, the president of faraway Kirghizstan, who essentially had told me the same thing." On top of which, Miss Geyer is an atrocious writer. I mean bad. She cannot leave well enough alone: all her sources are introduced as "fine," "wise," "penetrating," "brilliant," "seminal." She is enamored of apocalyptical adjectives. Everything is "dramatic," "incredible," "terrifying," "tragic," "diabolic." From page 21 alone: "I was in India that hot, ominous summer . . ." (When was an Indian summer cool, or *un*ominous?) "Those events had their zenith [one attains or rises to one's zenith], though surely not their end [she means limit], in the Armageddonesque [*aaargh*] explosion of hatred that shook India to [guess where?] its ethnic roots."

The lady can be rhapsodic: "With its glorious green mountains and legendary cedar groves . . . descending to the azure [what else? you got it] blue of the Mediterranean." "That summer in Korea I was invited to the July Fourth party at the luxurious Korean-style American Embassy residence, which is one of the most beautiful in the world. But when I entered, I stood there, stunned. The beautiful red, white, and blue tables were filled to [guess what?] overflowing with rich and tasty food." (Thank Heaven they weren't overflowing with fried locusts.) The breathless, hyperbolic style achieves a kind of zenith, or end, on page 328: "I got some *valuable* insights into the cause of that state of *constant dread* when last in *lovely* Finland, from the *famous and multitalented* young artist Bjorn Weckstrom. I had stopped by his *beautiful* studios . . . and soon noticed, in addition to the *gorgeous* silver jewelry, *exquisite* sculptures, and *fine* drawings . . ." (Italics mine, enthusiasm hers.)

What a shame. This incredible, dramatic, terrifying, and tragic jeremiad should be bought, skimmed, reflected upon, and kept for reference. □

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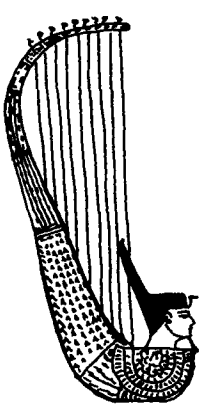
Hello, Dalai

DIGBY ANDERSON

THE *New York Times* noted recently that the number of Buddhists in the U.S. had reached 800,000, and there are probably two or three times that if you include the legions of chic white people who don't know much about the religion but fancy it nevertheless and call themselves "Buddhists." There are even Buddhist celebrities, including Richard Gere and Columbia's Professor Thurman, father of Uma. I have never seen anything in NATIONAL REVIEW's pages to suggest that it has a very large number of Buddhist readers. But to those who are, I would unreservedly recommend Professor Thurman's book. Can I recommend it to non-Buddhists?

Essential Tibetan Buddhism, edited by Robert A. F. Thurman (HarperCollins, 317 pp., $28)

Suppose a Catholic were asked to collect the "essential" texts of his religion. We might have the texts of the great Councils, the writings of the early Fathers, some Aquinas, some Augustine, de Caussade, Newman, extracts from the Bible, the Missal, the Divine Office, perhaps one encyclical on modern times. Of course we—Catholics, other Christians, and non-Christians in Christian cultures—can read these and understand them in part. So we might take it for granted that people from other cultures can. I doubt it. It is what you bring to the text that counts. It exists in a tradition. Those Christians who have fled the modernizing Catholic and Anglican churches for Eastern Orthodoxy report a continuing strangeness. And Orthodoxy is a branch of the same religion.



Essential Tibetan Buddhism produced three sets of reactions in me. They were interest and respect, bafflement and refusal, and alarm. The book starts with a long introductory essay which is a masterpiece, in the sense that it shows enough of a strange religion to arouse interest and respect. Tibetan Buddhism has found a very effective champion in Robert Thurman. His essay discusses the centrality to Tibetan Buddhists of real Buddhas living among them. It discusses the founding teacher and his "angelic disciples," the essential teaching, the enlightenment movement, the history of Buddhism and its spread through India and Asia, asceticism and monasticism, the renaissance of Buddhism and the great flowering of the Tibetan variety and its spread beyond Tibet, the sad story of the Chinese occupation and the exile, and the way Tibetan Buddhists read spiritual intent into plain history.

The second section is a collection of essential Tibetan Buddhist texts: "Mentor Worship," "Seeing the Buddha," "Meeting the Buddha in the Mentor," "Practicing Transcendental Meditation," "Practicing the Loving Spirit of Enlightenment," "Practicing the Liberating Wisdom," "Practicing the Creation Stage," "Practicing the Perfection and Great Perfection Stages." These are the equivalent of Augustine's *Confessions* or de Caussade's letters. Here are a few lines:

> NAMO GURU MANJUGHOSHAYA!/May the glorious, precious root Mentor/sit in the lotus of my heart/and sustain me with his great kindness./May he grant attainments of body, speech, and mind./I invoke the glorious Losang Drakpa,/who lovingly teaches just as he sees/the complete essence of the path of all Sutra and Tantra,/who holds the complete holy Dharma of the Victor.

The reaction of a non-Buddhist, or at any rate of this non-Buddhist, to this and most of the other extracts is complete bafflement. Then bafflement turns to rejection. This stuff is completely foreign. Either I determine to take it seriously, and that means not just study it but somehow become a part of it, or I stop now. To toy with it, dabble in it, extract helpful bits from it would be sheer cultural tourism. It's a bit like French cooking. Do it properly or not at all. You can embrace it, reject it, even persecute it. But don't play with it.

The last text is an address given in Oslo by the Dalai Lama upon accepting the Nobel Peace Prize. This great, baffling religion and one of its greatest men suddenly give way to ecumenical internationalese, a United Nations type of address on the interrelatedness of all things and the centrality of the planet. And oh what familiar clichés: "Today we are truly a global family . . . to pollute the air or the oceans, in order to achieve some short-term benefit, would be to destroy the very basis of our survival . . . We must develop a sense of universal responsibility . . . in respect of the different issues that confront our planet . . . the young people of many countries have repeatedly called for an end to the dangerous destruction of the environment . . ." There's more and worse, such as the idea that vicious regimes can be made to change through peaceful protest—not a mention of the willingness of the West to spend on arms to contain and defeat vicious regimes. No, it's not rot. It is talk calculated not to offend: insights about personal renewal preceding political re-

Mr. Anderson is the editor of Gentility Recalled, *just released by the Acton Institute.*

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newal but diluted with eco-speech and the obligatory genuflections to ghastly young people.

Christian leaders, of course, do this sort of thing all the time. Vatican II and papal encyclicals are full of it. The style and rhetoric are horribly familiar. At least the strangeness of the ancient texts induces respect. The greatest problem that religions have today is that people see them as small things, hobbies, easily mastered, lightly worn. The great religions are, on the contrary, "thick," deep in the sense of profound but, more important, wide in the sense of impinging on all aspects of life. Why do their present-day leaders, holy men like the Dalai Lama or Pope John Paul II, men usually so robust, allow themselves to be caught talking, albeit on untypical occasions, in a way that sells religion short? □

One Man's Meat

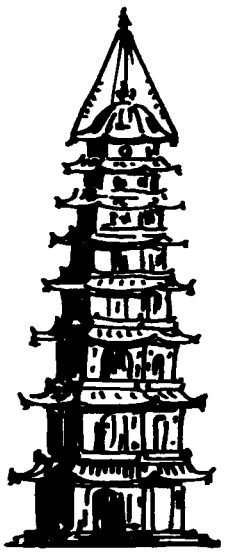
JACOB SULLUM

A NEW ad campaign for Johnnie Walker Red Label shows a man sitting in a chair with a glass in one hand and a cigar in the other. The copy reads: "Big fat cigar. Glass of Red Label. Back whether they like it or not." Scotch and cigars, once *de rigueur* accouterments of the establishment, are now instruments of rebellion. "I always thought having a smoke and a nice drink was the definition of civilization," said the copywriter who worked on the Johnnie Walker campaign. "Why in this country have they become almost the antithesis of that?"

David Shaw, who likes a good cigar but favors wine rather than whisky, wonders too. He also complains that meals, which should be a source of pleasure as well as nourishment, are increasingly fraught with guilt and anxiety. And he worries that relations between the sexes have been hemmed in by taboo, censorship, and fear of lawsuits. In *The Pleasure Police*, Shaw pins most of the blame for these developments on the Puritan strain in American culture and an affluent society's obsession with eliminating risk. His target is "the narrow minds, unbending wills, dictatorial ways, smug self-righteousness, and determinedly dour approach to life that characterize the bluenose busybodies, the new Puritans and the congenital alarmists who . . . are increasingly trying to leach all joy from our daily lives."

Adept at deconstructing factoids, Shaw adopts some without a second thought

Shaw, media critic for the *Los Angeles Times*, is most persuasive and entertaining when he sticks to things he knows and likes. He sympathizes with chefs who must "cater to a bunch of neurotic anorexics, most of whom are terrified of eating anything that isn't green, leafy, and grown without the assistance of any technology created more recently than the Peloponnesian War." He skewers *New York Times* health nag Jane Brody, who offers advice like, "Numerous studies show that, calorie for calorie, fat is by far the most fattening ingredient." More fundamentally, he argues that life is not just about longevity, that physical health is not the ultimate standard by which everything should be judged.



Still, Shaw is no hedonist. He is an epicure, and he returns repeatedly to a message of moderation. He argues that people are more likely to drink responsibly if they learn about alcohol in the home as they grow up, instead of at frat parties and college bars. While he believes there is nothing shameful about sexual pleasure, he condemns adultery and cautions against promiscuity.

But Shaw falters when he ventures beyond food, wine, cigars, and sex. At best, he is less enthusiastic about defending the rights of people with different tastes. At worst, he displays the same sort of ignorance and intolerance that he attributes to the pleasure police. Shaw is ambivalent about legalizing marijuana, a drug that is far safer than alcohol by nearly every measure, and he flatly declares, "Cocaine, heroin, and their derivatives have destroyed far too many lives to be tolerated in a humane society." Yet cocaine and heroin are involved in many fewer deaths—not only in absolute terms, but as a percentage of the user population—than either alcohol or tobacco. In any case, the fact that a drug is hazardous does not mean that it should be banned. In the same chapter, Shaw explains that alcohol prohibition was "an abysmal failure" because it created a huge black market with all the attendant problems, including violence, corruption, and deaths from tainted products. Later he argues that banning tobacco would lead to similar consequences. Yet he fails to apply this analysis to the psychoactive substances that happen to be illegal today.

Adept at deconstructing factoids, especially when they impinge on his pleasures, Shaw adopts some without a second thought. "Illegal drug use costs society $75 billion a year," he blithely asserts. This is the sort of number that cries out for a closer look: What do the "costs" include? How are they estimated? Who pays them? Similarly, Shaw casually refers to "the 100,000 acts of violence—including 8,000 murders—that the average American child sees in the media by the time he leaves grade school." Not only are these "acts of violence" wrenched out of context—with self-defense treated like assault, cartoon slapstick like realistic torture—but the estimate is based mainly on averages for all evening programming on the major networks, so it is not necessarily repre-

The Pleasure Police: How Bluenose Busybodies and Lily-Livered Alarmists Are Taking All the Fun Out of Life, by David Shaw (Doubleday, 307 pp., $23)

Mr. Sullum, a senior editor at Reason, *is writing a book about the anti-smoking movement for Free Press.*

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sentative of the shows that children are actually watching.

As those examples suggest, Shaw is willing to flout convention—but only up to a point. He frequently reassures his audience that, despite his criticism of radical feminists and left-liberal meddlers, his sensibilities are respectably "progressive." Hence the gratuitous swipes at Reaganomics, Newt Gingrich, Clarence Thomas, and Rush Limbaugh. Shaw is so anxious to show that he is really a decent fellow, and not a Neanderthal right-winger, that the book is peppered with declarations like "sexual harassment is wrong," "rape is a heinous crime," and "gay lives are every bit as important as heterosexual lives." (And in case you were wondering, he disapproves of child molestation.) Shaw also seems compelled to show us that he is not uptight or sexually repressed. He uses vulgarisms with the delight of a rebellious child, and readers will learn more about his sexual history than most of them really want to know.

But if Shaw sometimes goes out of his way to attack conservatives, much of his criticism is valid, especially when he focuses on the alliance between radical feminists and social conservatives seeking to ban pornography. And perhaps Shaw's efforts to make the book congenial to left-liberals will allow his message of tolerance and moderation to be heard where it is needed most. □

MANNERS

Our Hero, Heroin

RICH LOWRY

KURT Cobain, the late lead singer of the breakthrough grunge band Nirvana, used to steal drugs from pharmacies when, at age twenty, he worked as a (listless and unreliable) janitor in Olympia, Washington. He became something of a connoisseur. Cocaine and speed, he later explained, weren't his favorites: "I felt too confident and too sure of myself. Just too sociable." Not his style. Cobain's drug of choice, found in his bloodstream after he blew his head off with a shotgun in 1994, became heroin.

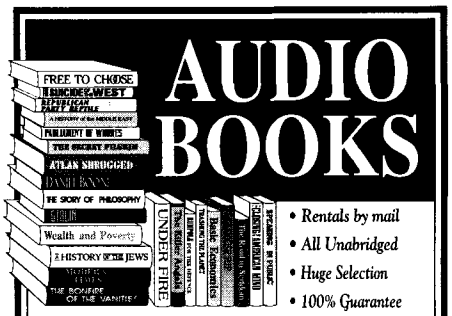
The supposedly impending heroin epidemic has been the subject of countless news stories in the last four years. By all accounts already under way among the tragically hip, the epidemic certainly makes great copy. *Newsweek* reports: "The 31-year-old screenwriter looks like she's en route to a dinner party in her $300 dress." (Actually, that's heroin in her compact). One *New York Times* article begins: "Even with her striking beauty, hardly anyone seemed to notice the young model as she glided through the swarm of heroin dealers and glassy-eyed addicts on a patch of steamy pavement in East Harlem."

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

The numbers—heroin-related emergency-room visits are up more than 150 per cent since 1990—do seem alarming, although it's always difficult to gauge where hype ends and reality begins when drug-starved models are involved. What's clear is that heroin is in our cultural bloodstream. The hit British novel and now film *Trainspotting* follows a group of Edinburgh smack addicts, one of a series of recent movies (including *Pulp Fiction* and *Basquiat*) to feature the drug. Yet another grunge rocker died of an overdose this July. And the bitter-almond smell of heroin is reportedly inescapable at hot Hollywood parties.

> *Drugs always reflect the era in which they achieve their vogue*

Drugs always reflect the era in which they achieve their vogue. In the late 1960s and early 1970s LSD was the emblematic drug. Its alleged power to raise one's consciousness appealed to the spiritual pretensions of the hippies and



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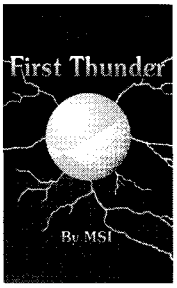

The book *First Thunder* describes a teaching which is changing our present world. It is based on the ancient wisdom of the Ishayas, a hidden order of monks for Christ. This teaching, called Ascension, tells how to "rise beyond" stress and self-defeating beliefs, and experience life in the Here and Now. **This teaching is simple, powerful and is changing lives!** If you are interested in more information, contact:
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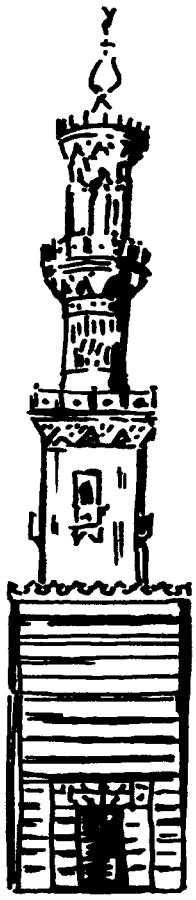
New Left. It was the drug of tuning in and dropping out, of passive revolt and keen self-awareness. The cocaine of the 1980s, in contrast, was a social stimulant, promoting aggressiveness and self-confidence. The protagonist of Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* snorts cocaine whenever his energy flags at a downtown nightclub, refueling to continue the endless pursuit of good times.

The culture of heroin is different. When Mark Renton, the main addict in *Trainspotting*, and his mates take the drug, they fall back on the floor to enjoy their hit staring at the ceiling. It is a drug of isolation and oblivion (hence its appeal to the aggressively shy Cobain)—and even pain. First-time users typically throw up. Heroin's needlework parallels the self-mutilating body-piercing now all the rage. And addicts experience excruciating pain, described in terms of muscles being ripped from bones, etc., if they don't feed their habit. The pointlessness of heroin, its invitation to oblivious solitude, and its danger make it the drug of grunge "authenticity," tapping into a powerful current in today's popular culture.



Grunge, as articulated in 1990s "alternative" music (the mix of punk and heavy metal that is now the rock mainstream), is about feeling good about feeling bad. The lyrics celebrate failure and inadequacy. Cobain, the ur-grunge rocker, sang songs with lines like "I think I'm dumb," repeated in a numb, flat voice. Sarah Ferguson of the *Village Voice* argues: "The empowered feeling you [read: teenage white kid] get from listening to these songs lies in unearthing [an] essential nugget of shame." The songs let the listener sample and even enjoy his own perceived worthlessness, like pressing your tongue against a sore tooth.

Grunge shares some qualities with the old 1960s counter-culture. It is hostile to the bourgeois and consumer culture. It is at the same time, like 1960s activism, an outgrowth of wealth and leisure (it's not easy to be a tortured victim of ennui working on a factory floor). But there are important differences. Grunge is for the most part shorn of ideals and the impulse for political action. Whereas 1960s student rebels were mostly the product of middle-class two-parent families, the defining family for grunge kids is the broken home, a consistent theme in their music.

Heroin's needlework parallels the body piercing now all the rage

When Kurt Cobain was eight his mother divorced his dad; she then lived with an abusive and unbalanced boyfriend, and then married a drinker and womanizer. "I'm a product of a spoiled America," Cobain once said. "Think how much worse my family life could be if I grew up in a depression or something. There are so many worse things than a divorce. I've just been brooding and bellyaching about something I couldn't have, which is a family, a solid family unit, for too long." The complaints about divorce do slip into whining, a victimology for white kids. And if the pain of divorce is real, the grunge solution is to revel in it, creating an upside-down world where isolation and inadequacy are virtues, and where a drug like heroin acquires a romantic cachet.

Trainspotting's Mark Renton, a character who suffers from vague, uncharted psychic wounds and who, like Cobain, despises the middle class, explains (in Scottish dialect) the appeal of heroin: "Life's boring and futile. . . . We fill up oor lives wi s——, things like careers and relationships tae delude oorsels that it isnae aw toally pointless. Smack's a honest drug, because it strips away these delusions. Wi smack, whin ye feel good, ye feel immortal. Whin ye feel bad, it intensfies the s—— that's alredy thair. It's the only real honest drug. It doesnae alter yir consciousness. It just gies ye a hit and a sense ae well-being. Eftir that, ye see the misery ae the world as it is, and ye canae anaesthetise yirself against it."

Heroin saves Renton and his pals from worrying about the daily routine—"bills, food, bailiffs, these Jambo Nazi scum beatin us, aw the things that ye couldnae gie a f—— aboot whin yuv goat a real junk habit." But it's the nature of pop culture that such an anti-bourgeois protest immediately gets caught up in the everyday consumerism it reviles. Tortured grunge bands become instant commercials on MTV—and get very rich. On the TV show *The Simpsons*, a member of the band Smashing Pumpkins tells the suburban dad Homer Simpson that he envies his simple domesticity—because all the band has is hordes of adoring fans, millions of dollars, and its youth. Even Cobain's suicide, supposedly motivated in part by disgust with success, has become a sort of posthumous stage stunt and marketing gimmick.

Authenticity, when it is equated with a stance against the world—and especially once it becomes hip—invites posing and self-deception. A friend of Renton's tells him: "You just want tae f—— up on drugs so that everyone'll think how deep and f—— complex you are. It's pathetic, and f—— boring." Renton allows as how this explanation is as good as any. It certainly applies to the denizens of those Hollywood parties, not otherwise noted for their lives of deep feeling and despair. "Their self-doubts tell them they're getting rich because of their cheekbones," a screenwriter told the *New York Times*. "You become consumed with doubts about your authenticity and look for authenticity in areas that are, unfortunately, clichés, such as the heroin-using artist."

This, then, becomes heroin's ultimate appeal: it's the *fashionable* way to be authentic, the latest ticket to being alienated and with-it at the same time. Irvine Welsh, the author of *Trainspotting*, denies nasty rumors that he himself was never a problem user. In *Pulp Fiction* John Travolta, a self-assured character miles away from angst-ridden twenty-year-olds, uses heroin. And so did that 21-year-old model on the August cover of *Newsweek*, beckoning to us with her fine and innocent features. Being driven into the arms of a dangerous drug by the conviction that life is a pointless bore never looked quite so good. If Kurt Cobain had it to do over again, no doubt he'd be careful to become addicted to something else. □

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SOUND ON DISC

A Pilgrimage to Berlioz

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

FOR too many decades, what the musical public remembered of Hector Berlioz was the famous Daumier caricature—the coattails in pursuit of a bushy head of hair. There were no pilgrimages to that little church on the Rue St. Roch, near the Tuileries and the Louvre, where the first version of his magnificent *Requiem* was heard. On the old 78-rpm shellacs, the recording companies could give you only tantalizing excerpts—and only a select audience could hear him in the concert hall and the opera house. This changed with the advent of LPs. Today we can hear almost all the Berlioz oeuvre.

For too many decades, what the musical public remembered of Berlioz was the Daumier caricature

It is only recently that musicologists and music critics have begun to realize the tremendous influence that Berlioz had on the music of his time, as well as the scope and beauty of his work. Listen closely, and you will hear how he at once projected orchestral music past the plateau that followed Beethoven and gave it an excitement that lifts us to this day.

I have listened to the Berlioz *Harold in Italy* more times than I can remember, and each time I find something in its inner voices that had previously escaped me (as I also did in Norrington's wonderful recording of the *Symphonie Fantastique*). And so I turned an eager ear to a new reading of the *Harold in Italy* (Philips 446 676-2) by the Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, Gérard Caussé violinist, conducted by John Eliot Gardiner. I have great respect for Gardiner, but here his baton is leaden. The dynamics are wrong and so are the tempos. This new recording, however, recommends itself by including a lovely but seldom-heard Berlioz work, *Tristia*. As an alternative I recommend Sir Thomas Beecham's recording of *Harold* with the Royal Philharmonic and William Primrose on the viola.

The *Roméo et Juliette* (Philips 144-134 2) by the Vienna Philharmonic, with the Bavarian Radio Chorus, and conducted by Sir Colin Davis, suffers from no such shortcomings as the Gardiner *Harold*. Berlioz insisted, and justly so, that his *Roméo* was a symphony—choral and solo voices notwithstanding. Beethoven attempted this in his Ninth, by appending Schiller's "Ode to Joy," but ended up with a potpourri, whereas Berlioz succeeded in making an integrated work. He rejoiced in its sad and lovely 27-note motif, with its gentle little syncopes. Berlioz must always be played with élan, and over the years I have rejoiced in the London Symphony reading by Pierre Monteux, who knew this. But I can now place beside it what Sir Colin—with mezzo Olga Borodina, tenor Thomas Moser, and basso Alastair Miles—brings us.

■ If you are of my generation, you will remember how in music-appreciation classes we were given mnemonic devices for composers and works. So when the orchestra gave us the downbeat of Schubert's Eighth, our little minds would sing along: "*This is the symphony that*

Mr. Toledano is the author of Frontiers of Jazz *and many other books.*

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Schubert wrote but never finished." The Eighth has been renumbered: it is now the Seventh, according to musicologists. A fine symphonic statement, with powerful affirmations and lyric withdrawals, there is nothing "unfinished" about it. It is a beautifully tooled piece, one of the many works in his tremendous output which he never heard performed, and it is given a magnificent reading, the best I have heard, by Carlo Maria Giulini and the Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks (Sony SK 66 833). This symphony is a cry to the world and a defiance. The Fourth Symphony, a more contemplative work, is also included on this disc.

■ There is no longer a need to comment specifically on the Haydn symphonies. They are there, and that is enough. They are there, and Bruno Walter, in Sony's series honoring his greatness as a conductor, is also there. The symphonies are Nos. 88, 96, and 100 (Military), and to them are appended some smaller Mozart works—minuets, dances, opera overtures, etc. (Sony SMK 64 485 & 486).

■ What does require comment is Claudio Abbado's recordings of Mozart's Symphonies 23 and 36 (Linzer) and the *Sinfonia Concertante* (K 364), which is historic for me because I wrote about its beauties when I started reviewing records, before World War II but after Moses descended from Sinai with other truths (Sony SK 66 859). Abbado and the Berlin Philharmonic offer the *Sinfonia* with just the right amount of bounce and elegance, withholding the heavy hand of respect which sometimes falls on Mozart.

■ I also call attention to three Brahms violin sonatas, part of the continuing reissue on CD of the output of Isaac Stern. I need not repeat my words of praise for the technique and interpretive genius of Stern: if this recording were a Coney Island Suite for Violin and Burp Gun, I would still recommend it for what Stern draws from his Strad and his bow (Sony SMK 64 531).

The Juilliard String Quartet—eminent in the field since the Budapest is no longer among us—presents the Brahms Quintet No. 1 in F Major and No. 2 in G Major (Sony SK 68476). I am in the minority when I say that I do not wholeheartedly respond to the Brahms chamber music, which I find sterile. However, if it is your dish of tea, you can do little better than turn to the Juilliard String Quartet.

■ From time to time, a publicity-wrapped "star" appears on the musical scene. One such is Wynton Marsalis, who plays both jazz and classical trumpet. Marsalis holds sway at New York's Lincoln Center, where, as Terry Teachout notes in *Commentary*, he has imposed the racist view that jazz is the sole purview of blacks and can be played properly only by them. This erases from the annals a host of great jazzmen—from Bix Beiderbecke to those who developed the "Chicago style" to Jack Teagarden and Benny Goodman. The Marsalis "jazz documentaries" on video cassette, moreover, indicate a startling lack of knowledge of the music's history and substance. His own achievements in the jazz field as instrumentalist and improviser hardly reach the heights; his performance lacks the breadth and inspiration of a host of horn players, both black and white, who have preceded him. Now he is presented in the meaninglessly titled *In Gabriel's Garden*, an album of seventeenth-century trumpet showpieces—Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, a Purcell rondeau, a John Stanley trumpet voluntary, etc. (Sony SK 66 244). Marsalis plays them correctly and well. I have always felt that a jazz vibrato and attack would enhance the trumpet parts of Baroque music, but no one that I know of has attempted this. Marsalis is no exception. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Freedom Betrayed: How America Led a Global Democratic Revolution, Won the Cold War, and Walked Away, by Michael Ledeen (AEI, 150 pp., $24.95)

THE subtitle of this book sums up how many around the world feel about the last eight years of American foreign policy. I say eight, not four, because the rot started under George Bush. Would it have been conceivable during the Reagan Presidency that Central Europe would free itself from Communist domination only to see American ambassadors in the region exert pressure *against* dissolving the Warsaw Pact? Yet that is exactly what happened in Budapest and Warsaw in 1990. Could anybody believe that when the Red Army broke various treaties and tried to conquer a small nation in the Caucasus, the United States, far from backing Russian dissidents opposing the war, would continue to finance the Kremlin war party? Yet that is what happened when Bill Clinton declared the Russian invasion of Chechnya an "internal affair" and increased World Bank credits to Russia. It took President Clinton three years to cut through European dithering and stop the slaughter in Bosnia. Is it any wonder that America's friends and admirers are feeling disappointed and dejected? *Freedom Betrayed* is the sort of book that Alexis de Tocqueville would write if he were alive today: crisp, hard-headed, and utterly brilliant. Like any good Leninist, Mr. Ledeen understands that America's strength or weakness in foreign affairs is not just a reflection of the global correlation of forces but stems directly from its performance at home. America is destined to lead the world not only because it has the strongest army, but because the American idea—self-reliance, democracy, capitalism, limited government—has triumphed. The paradox is that just as the world is emulating America, America itself is drifting.

—RADEK SIKORSKI

Two Americans within the Gates: The Story of Levi Parsons and Pliny Fisk in Jerusalem, by Eli Mizrachi (McDougal, 394 pp., $19.95)

IN November 1819, America's first two Protestant missionaries to the Holy Land set out from Boston Harbor. Levi Parsons and Pliny Fisk settled in Jerusalem, traveled the Levant, and sent reports home to fascinated readers of the *Missionary Herald*. In their passion for Jerusalem they were among the first American Christians to feel the spiritual bond between America and Israel as lands specially favored by God. This fascinating work by an Israeli scholar is an illuminating vignette of the history of both America and the Holy Land.

—PETER W. RODMAN

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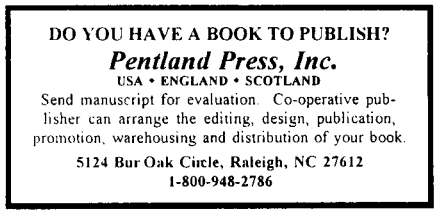
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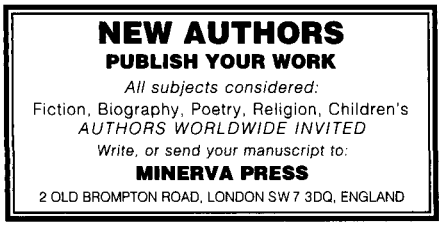
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STRAUS

(Continued from page 67)

spiracy theorists, and deny that any real change was taking place under Gorbachev. This was the source of much of America's inability to recognize her friends, and it led her often to range her tremendous influence de facto on the side of her enemies.

This may explain a few things about the Bush Administration. For most of its time in power, that Administration was on the wrong side of things in Moscow, opposing our best friends there and ridiculing all proposals for supporting them.

Mr. Bush ran in 1988 on a platform of his past expertise on foreign relations. He indicated that President Reagan was naïve in supporting Gorbachev and in believing in the end of Communism. He promised a more cautious line, one based on the enduring realities. When he came to office in January 1989, his National Security Advisor explained that the changes in Russia were cosmetic, meant for dividing and deceiving the West. Hints were dropped along the same line that we would later hear from supporters of Zyuganov: that maybe it would be better to have an open enemy in the Kremlin instead of a cunning one like Gorbachev. The Administration had to change its tune after the Berlin Wall came down, but it still cut down efforts to aid the new Eastern European democracies. It warmed up to Gorbachev in 1990–91, when Gorbachev was more hard-line and was fighting against Yeltsin. In 1992, Bob Dole and Richard Nixon both chided the Administration for failing to help Yeltsin's Russia. They were right.

Underlying the tendency to keep Russia as an enemy is a failure to visualize the prospect of Russia as an ally. For many centrists and rightists, this is too much of a change; for many leftists, it is bad if America has any allies at all, let alone a new white ally. Those who cannot bring themselves to wish for alliance are left with the option of enmity: neutrality is not an alternative for a superpower.

The realities of the globe impel Russia and the West toward alliance. In a world of five billion people and growing, it only makes sense for the one billion in stable populations in the European and industrialized countries to be allied. Non-alliance would mean a regression from unipolarity to bipolarity, with all its costs—global competition for influence in the South, proliferation, nuclear stand-off. When the option of alliance is closed off, the pressures of interdependence can only pile up backward in the direction of enmity.

People can mix up their friends and their enemies because of vested interests in old enmities. The Reagans of the world have known how to distinguish America's friends from its enemies, and since 1985, so have the Clintons; the Bushes have not. Dole needs to make sure he is with the Reagans and the Clintons on this one.

It is especially dangerous for a superpower to fail to understand who are its friends and who are its enemies. This can lead it to undermine its friends and to push entire countries back into the arms of its enemies. This is the danger we have been running with Russia. We will continue to run it until we get it straight in our own minds that we want to have Russia as a friend, and that we want our friends not our enemies in power within Russia. □

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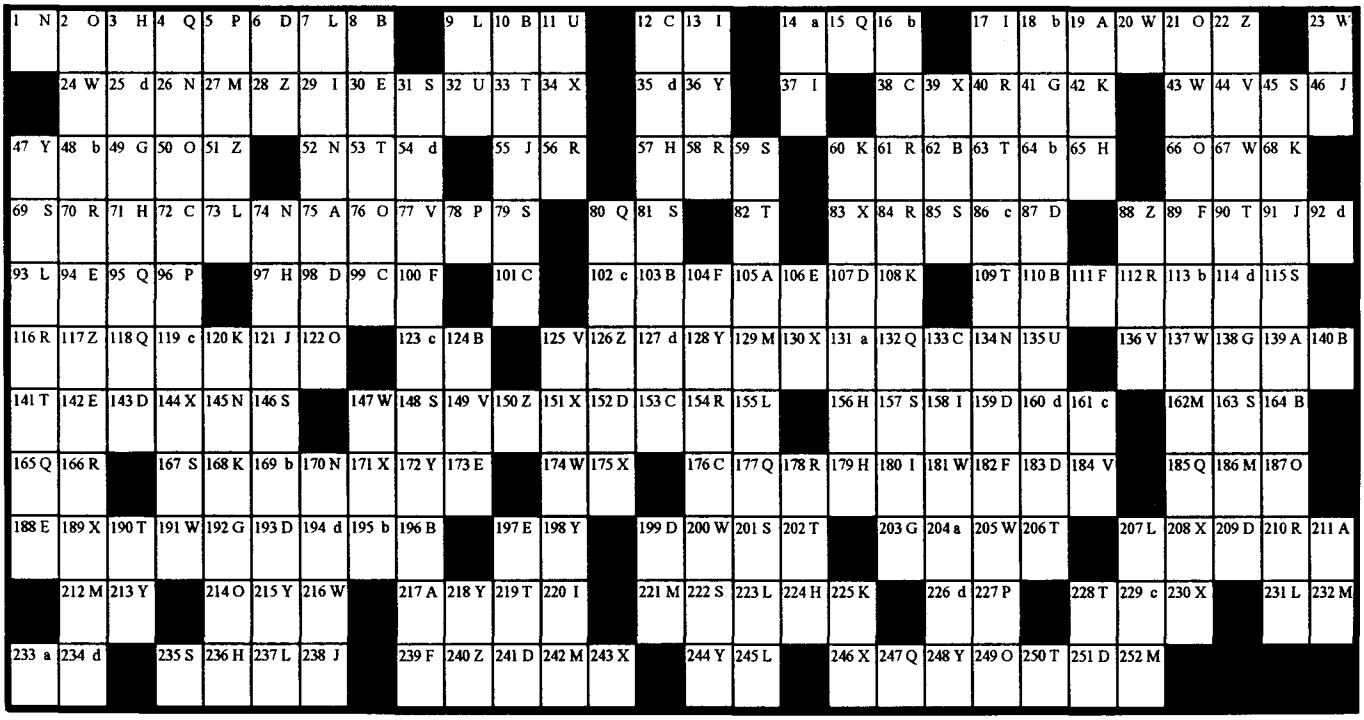
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



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J. *Simpleton*: 121 55 91 46 238

K. Sorcerer's science: 120 42 168 225 68 60 108

L. Where Wilhelm I was crowned Kaiser: 7 237 245 73 223 93 9 231 155 207

M. Bruder Klaus, for instance: 232 162 242 186 212 221 129 27 252

N. Baffle (Latinately): 52 134 145 1 74 170 26

O. He talked with the animals: 122 2 249 21 214 66 76 50 187

P. Prestigious preparatory school: 96 5 78 227

Q. Ultimate consideration (2 words): 165 80 185 132 15 118 95 4 247 177

R. Rap sheet (2 words): 58 210 40 61 56 178 154 166 116 84 70 / 112

S. Shakespeare's ribald play on marriage (4 words): 235 167 31 45 79 115 163 81 69 157 222 / 146 148 85 201 59

T. Unworkability: 141 33 53 206 63 250 82 109 190 219 90 / 228 202

U. Not used: 135 32 11

V. Reagan moniker: 184 77 136 125 149 44

W. Rudolf Steiner's variant on theosophy: 23 191 147 200 24 174 20 205 216 137 43 / 67 181

X. Where Dana spent two years (3 words): 130 246 175 39 189 230 34 208 151 83 144 / 171 243

Y. Impromptu (3 words): 244 248 213 215 128 172 47 218 36 198

Z. Sailor's early liberty (2 words): 150 117 88 51 22 28 126 240

a. Geminus: 204 233 131 14

b. Forbidden: 48 64 195 113 169 18 16

c. Ancient borough in SW Lancashire: 123 102 161 229 86 119

d. Cemetery: 114 25 92 54 35 194 127 160 226 234

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. SOWELL: *Affirmative Action Dogmas*: "When we find that married men who are fathers work more and earn more than single men who have only themselves to support, should anybody be surprised? If becoming a father makes a man work more, while becoming a mother makes a woman work less, does it take breakthroughs on the frontiers of knowledge to figure out why?"

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Big Day For Federalism

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1

I begin with a solemn pledge to undertake 750 words without any partisan whoops or sneers. The design is to celebrate Tuesday's promulgation of the new welfare measure.

To jog the memory, the Federal Government began welfare disbursements about sixty years ago. There were three parties to the transaction. To personalize the schematic, John in Oklahoma paid $$ in taxes to Washington to enable Washington to pay $$ in benefits to James in Oklahoma. Pay James to do what? Pay James to be less poor.

Under the new system, John in Oklahoma pays $$ in taxes to Washington to enable Washington to pay $$ to Oklahoma City to pay James to do what? Oklahoma City will decide what.

Question: Why the round trip? Why not get Oklahoma City to tax John in order to pay James whatever it is Oklahoma City wants James to have, at the expense of John? Answer: That reform, maybe, is for tomorrow. For those curious about net transactions: In 1994 Oklahoma paid 82 cents to Washington. Washington paid to Oklahoma $1.00. Oklahoma therefore has been getting a little bit of a free ride from wealthier states.

But concentrate on the electric development of the new law. What it does is permit the exercise of state muscles, which is the basis of the entire federal idea. Listen, for instance (with thanks to Dana Milbank of the *Wall Street Journal* for the research), to what some states have already planned to do with their new-found liberty to design their own welfare programs.

Until the American Civil Liberties Union finds out about it, Michigan intends to get the Salvation Army to connect welfare mothers up with religious families who will help with child care, transportation, and the like.

Florida doesn't really want to encourage more immigration and so will cut aid to aliens, sending welfare balances to others in different kinds of distress. Maine, by contrast, isn't suffering from swollen immigration and therefore will continue to help aliens at current levels.

Oregon will subsidize the wages of welfare recipients.

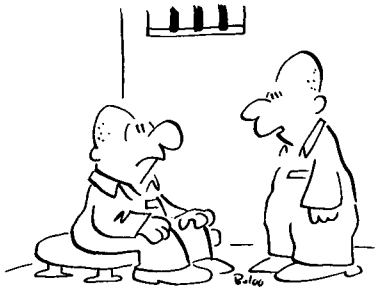
Here is a cool one: Ohio will exercise the most powerful stick available in the United States. An Ohio father who does not pay his child support will lose his driver's license.

New Hampshire will concentrate on poverty reduction by tackling school dropout and teenage pregnancy. Nearby Vermont, meanwhile, will continue its swagger, allowing single parents to receive benefits for thirty months before they have to work. If they are students, they will need to work only seven hours a week to hang onto their benefits.

So it goes. There are first-year anomalies. Michigan will receive $150 million more than it got under the previous schedule. Florida, Texas, and Massachusetts will gain considerably. But much of this will settle down as the books consolidate and practices are revised.

Meanwhile private enterprise is getting into the act. Lockheed Martin Corporation's Information Management Services is available to administer states' welfare plans. Texas wants to privatize the whole business, putting the money it saves back into the welfare pool.

One notes the exciting potential here for medical welfare experimentation. There are already states (Hawaii most conspicuous among them) that have devised their own medical plans and are sailing along with them. The new approach should encourage a proliferation of such plans. Five years ago Harris Wofford was elected senator from Pennsylvania pledging to go to Washington with a national health plan. Mrs. Clinton's health plan was defeated, but why should that stop the residents of Pennsylvania, whose payments to Washington almost exactly equal Washington's payments to Pennsylvania? The point does suggest itself, doesn't it? Why get Washington into the act at all, except to broker aid to states in distress?



"'Bigamy'? What's the point in that?"

It is very exciting for those who have always been enthusiastic about the federal idea. If Vermont, sitting cheek by jowl with New Hampshire, wants social-welfare programs very different from its neighbor's, what better means of observing their relative effects than to encourage experimentation?

I have made it so far without partisan emphasis, but am required to quote a passage from a speech. "How can indiscriminate redistribution accommodate the emphases of individual states? Florida is for obvious reasons more concerned with the older generation. Massachusetts with its density of colleges has to worry more about education costs than Utah, where educational needs are stable. Why not let them define their own welfare programs?" Yes, yours truly, 1967. □

Rip Van Winkle Reviews the Scene

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24

Crossing Eurasia on a train from Peking to Moscow is an unusual experience for exactly the reasons one would suppose. But what this traveler neglected to anticipate was 12 days without one whisper of News of the World. If on arriving in Moscow the passengers had been told that Vice President Gore had resigned from office after confessing to having shot Vincent Foster and that Princess Di had announced her betrothal to John John, we'd have accepted the news with the dumb fatalism of those who come to terms with the vicissitudes of exile. So what does one do after such a period of alienation?

One reads. Everything in sight. And discovers that the Dayton Accord is the fruitless enterprise predicted, that John Kennedy did in fact get married, and that candidate Bob Dole is slipping out of sight. Why is this?

What are they going to debate about? Rejected debater Ross Perot thumps his wrist on the table, unleashing a battery of lawyers. A generation ago candidate George Wallace told the voters that there wasn't "a dime's worth of difference" between candidates Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey. Thereafter, the GOP tidied up its philosophical house under Ronald Reagan, but slippage resumed under Mr. Bush. In and out of Nixon–Ford–Reagan–Bush all those years was Bob Dole, and his Democratic opponent does what he can to suggest that Mr. Dole has flexible views on such matters as taxes and drug laws and the rest. Mr. Dole's reach for the hard position of tax reduction

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seems not to have aroused either excitement or confidence. The poll figures haven't moved, except for the spurt that coincided with the naming of Jack Kemp and the exhilaration of the four narcissistic days in San Diego. And the *Wall Street Journal* sends out a poll. "Do you think your taxes will go down, will go up, or will stay about the same if Bill Clinton is re-elected or if Bob Dole is elected?"

The answers: 36 per cent say Up with a Clinton victory; 33 per cent say Up with a Dole victory.

The figures tell it all about what voters conclude after listening to politicians make promises. Clinton promised in 1992 to reduce taxes, didn't—he raised them. Are the voters mad at him on that account? No, the voters aren't mad at Clinton over anything. With *one* exception. They would not like it if they thought Clinton was a liberal. It's okay for him to say that he is in the tradition of Jefferson, Jackson, Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy. But it would not be okay for him to say he was a liberal. And he is greatly aware of that danger and goes to thunderous lengths to guard against it. Adulterer, okay; tax cheat, okay; drug user, okay; draft dodger, okay. Liberal, never!

"President [Clinton] came to town a liberal; he's still a liberal," said Mr. Dole last week. "The only thing that stopped him in his tracks was electing a Republican Congress in 1994."

The reporters, of course, questioned Mr. Clinton on the point later the same day in the White House.

"There's a real problem with that," President Clinton began. "One is my record, my record as governor, my record as President." How, he asked, could anybody say that he was a liberal given that he reduced the deficit, supported the death penalty, and overhauled the welfare system? Sure, he and Bob Dole had "different tax plans, but I don't think that that qualifies me as a closet liberal."

There it is. The term liberal lies bloodied on the floor, but liberalism lives. The percentage of the GDP spent by the Federal Government (excluding defense) has risen, the tax on the incremental dollar has risen, the hand of the government regulates everything except the security of unborn children; and poor Mr. Dole struggles to make himself heard.

Of course there are differences, and of course it is true that Mr. Clinton is a liberal. But the voters are manifestly unimpressed with the differences, with one enormous exception, which is women.

If only white men were to vote (the *Wall Street Journal* figures do not relay the black or Hispanic vote), Dole would sink Clinton 51 to 37. If only white women voted, Clinton would sink Dole 53 to 35. Women aged 35–49 appear to detest poor Mr. Dole (60 to 28). We must be grateful that lesbian marriages will be childless.

So what will the psephologists say after hard study given to American politics? That Clinton always had a way with the ladies? What else? □

Restlessness Abroad

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27

The man on my right was Mr. Civic-Minded Citizen, and soon conversation closed in on the problem of education. In his hometown of Midland, Texas, he told me, the black population is about 5 per cent. But some years ago a federal judge ordered busing in an attempt to bring about integration by the checkerboard approach. What happened, he says, is that in grades 1, 2, and 3, Midland children do exactly as well as their peers elsewhere. "But when they get to fourth grade, they are moved into a pool," from which the individual student is sent to this school or that, designed to effect what in the Sixties was called "scatteration." From that point on through the rest of their primary education their academic achievements move down. Why? "Because they are separated from the children they have been associated with, their teachers are mostly concerned with goals other than education. Anyway"—his hands moved up, resignedly, "that's what happened." Was there no way to placate the judge with another plan that retained the neighborhood school and effected integration? "Nothing we've come up with."

Elsewhere, the education issue focuses strongly on "Catholic schools." The term is in quotation marks because the Catholic schools under consideration are hardly seminaries designed to introduce young students to recent papal encyclicals. The schools in question—in New York, in Washington, D.C., in Milwaukee—aren't restricted to Catholic students. One high school in New York, with which I am familiar, is preponderantly black and Hispanic, its students primarily from single-parent households. One course in religion is taught, as one might expect. It has never been asserted about the school that it is primarily a religious institution. But in order to attend it, students' families, or friends, have to come up with $3,000. The cost per student in the public schools is $9,000. In the public schools, 15 per cent or fewer of the graduates go on to college. In the Catholic schools, the figure is 85 per cent.

Mr. William Bulger, formerly the undeniable boss of the city of Boston, and president of the Massachusetts Senate for almost 18 years, fought hard against the ideological bureaucracy, whose militant right hand has been the *Boston Globe*. In his book, *While the Music Lasts: My Life in Politics*, Mr. Bulger, now a professor at the University of Massachusetts, recalls the havoc brought on by the grandees of social architecture whose first (and only) mandate has been integration. But a side interest, fanatical in other quarters, has been a reading of the First Amendment that tells us that it is unconstitutional to "use public money" for "religious schools." The teachers' unions are mobilized on the issue, and, as with busing, nothing very much happens except illiteracy, which prospers.

On another bent, a street-wise Democratic office-holder spoke about what one might expect from President Clinton in Term Two. "Of course, he will do something about Medicare expenses. Why? Because he has to." Indeed. Unless by the year 2001 somebody invents a pill that abolishes every affliction from aneurysms to whooping cough, permitting Americans at an agreeable old age to wake up dead one morning, we are heading for an unbearable fiscal problem. My acquaintance reminded me that Mr. Fiscal is greatly profiting from the Depression of the Thirties. How so? Well, Americans walking into the retirement ages of 62–65 aren't very numerous, because back in 1931–34 Americans were not having many children. But as morale mounted, in mid-decade, the birth rate rose. Its effects will be felt at the end of the century.

It is sad, really, that no major political candidate is facing these issues head on. A successful Catholic school is no more offensive to general social objectives than a Catholic hospital that has crosses in patients' rooms. Under-educated black children are not benefited by under-educated white children. A slight stall in public spending on Medicare and Social Security does not make the looming crisis disappear. But our democratic system tends not to give us the major issues to confront. What if Mr. Dole had said that the Medicare program simply had to be rewired; that if the Constitution is really telling us that busing is required and religious schools are ineligible for public support, then let's revise the First Amendment, to make it mean what we lived with quite comfortably for a hundred and fifty years.

What a rush such proposals would bring to Inert America. And if this time around he failed, Mr. Dole would have the satisfaction felt by Winston Churchill, the first few times around. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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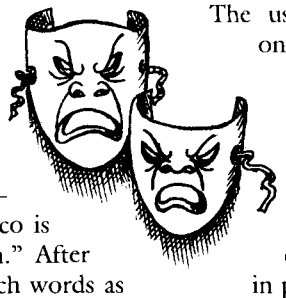
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

I'M writing this column on drugs. Just ask Bill Clinton, he'll tell you. I write everything on drugs—books, articles, reviews, and thank-you notes to literary critics who praise the grace and clarity of the writing that issues from my perpetually drugged brain.

There is only one time, aside from sleeping and eating, when I don't use drugs. My grandmother always said, "A lady never uses drugs on the street," and I never have. Otherwise I use one drug after another, because a delivery system tastes good like a delivery system should, and I have no intention of forgoing the pleasure.

Now I've done it. Every time I say something good about cigarettes I get bombarded with letters. The prize came from a couple who opened with "Miss King"—no "Dear"—and informed me that tobacco is "more addictive than heroin." After lingering sensuously over such words as *foul, stench*, and *disgusting*, they promised to pray for me to quit, which they were sure I would try to do, since: "Everyone we know who has ever smoked has tried to quit and almost all are ashamed and embarrassed to let it be known that they smoke." As fanatics always do, they enclosed clippings.



The virulence of the anti-smoking movement has always hinted at something bigger than smoking. When the first Surgeon General's warning came out in 1964 amid the marches and bombings of the early civil-rights movement, many people saw it as a calculated attempt to threaten the economies of tobacco-producing Southern states to force compliance with racial integration.

As things turned out, the South caved anyway, leaving a nascent anti-smoking movement by the wayside, waiting to be picked up, as Napoleon said of the French crown, on the tip of somebody's sword.

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

Subsequent events suggest that this is exactly what happened. Smoker-bashing has proved immeasurably useful to multiculturalists and diversity hustlers who understand the importance of a safety valve in campaigns of enforced tolerance. Taking their cue from American League baseball, they instituted the designated-pariah rule: If you intend to make everyone love everyone else whether they like it or not, be sure to give your useful idiots someone they can hate openly without fear of being called mean-spirited. Take care, however, that they don't catch on, or else they might start hating the people they really hate, and then all Hell will break loose.

The useful idiots haven't caught on—useful idiots never do. They're so gullible they even believe all drugs are created equal, and support the Clinton Administration's plan to lump tobacco, marijuana, cocaine, and heroin together in pursuit of an outcome-based addiction that recognizes no difference between a glassy-eyed degenerate with arms like sieves and a tired waitress on a cigarette break.

No difference, that is, except one: it's okay to hate the waitress.

Redirected emotion—what psychoanalysis calls "displacement"—is the crowning achievement of anti-tobacco propaganda. A majority of Americans are now in the grip of this disorder, providing a perfect out for a government helpless against hard drugs. We can't invade the inner cities without starting a race war as well as a mutiny in our multiracial army. Opening fire on the Mexican border would provoke Hispanics, declaring war on supplier nations would provoke Asians, but bankrupting North Carolina will play in every focus group in Peoria.

My letter writers always demand to know why I keep smoking when I know it's bad for me. Aside from the simple fact that I enjoy it, I have three reasons: misanthropic, nostalgic, and subconscious.

On the misanthropic front, smoking gives me a perfect excuse not to go anywhere. People used to invite me to things, but now I've got them trained to leave me alone, and I owe it all to second-hand smoke.

On the nostalgia front, my childhood inured me against dire warnings about fatal illness. My grandmother belonged to the last generation of women who washed and dressed their own dead, and it left them with a morbid streak. They all knew, or claimed to know, someone whose hair "turned white overnight," or someone who "turned to stone" ("It starts in the feet and works up"), or someone who died when "it" hit their heart—"it" being an air bubble from hiccoughing, or a tiny sliver broken off from a toothpick that somehow "got into their bloodstream."

I was supposed to die from reading: ink, which was poison, would get into a finger cut and thence into my bloodstream. But Granny's best warning, recited whenever she saw me scratching, concerned shingles: "When the two ends of the rash meet around your waist, your heart stops." If you grow up hearing things like that, nothing Henry Waxman says could possibly make an impression.

MY subconscious reason can't very well be subconscious or I wouldn't know about it. I just call it subconscious to confuse the buzzword-addicted crowd who claim smokers are "in denial." Nothing upsets them more than a smoker who knows exactly what he's doing, so I made sure I nailed down my subconscious reason.

It's this: I think suicide *qua* suicide is weak and shameful, but maybe, if I just keep smoking, I can hasten my exit from this Walpurgisnacht called America and escape the mephitic cultural collapse that Nice-Nelly conservatism is powerless to stop.

This is probably wishful thinking in view of my family's medical history, but it points up another benefit of cigarettes we no longer hear about: consolation. Even the word is gone from the language now, but it was what came through in World War II newsreels showing weary soldiers and refugees lighting up. In their most despairing moments a cigarette was all they had, and increasingly I feel the same way.

There goes my chance at Keynote 2000, even if I work on my perkiness and arrange to rent a baby. □

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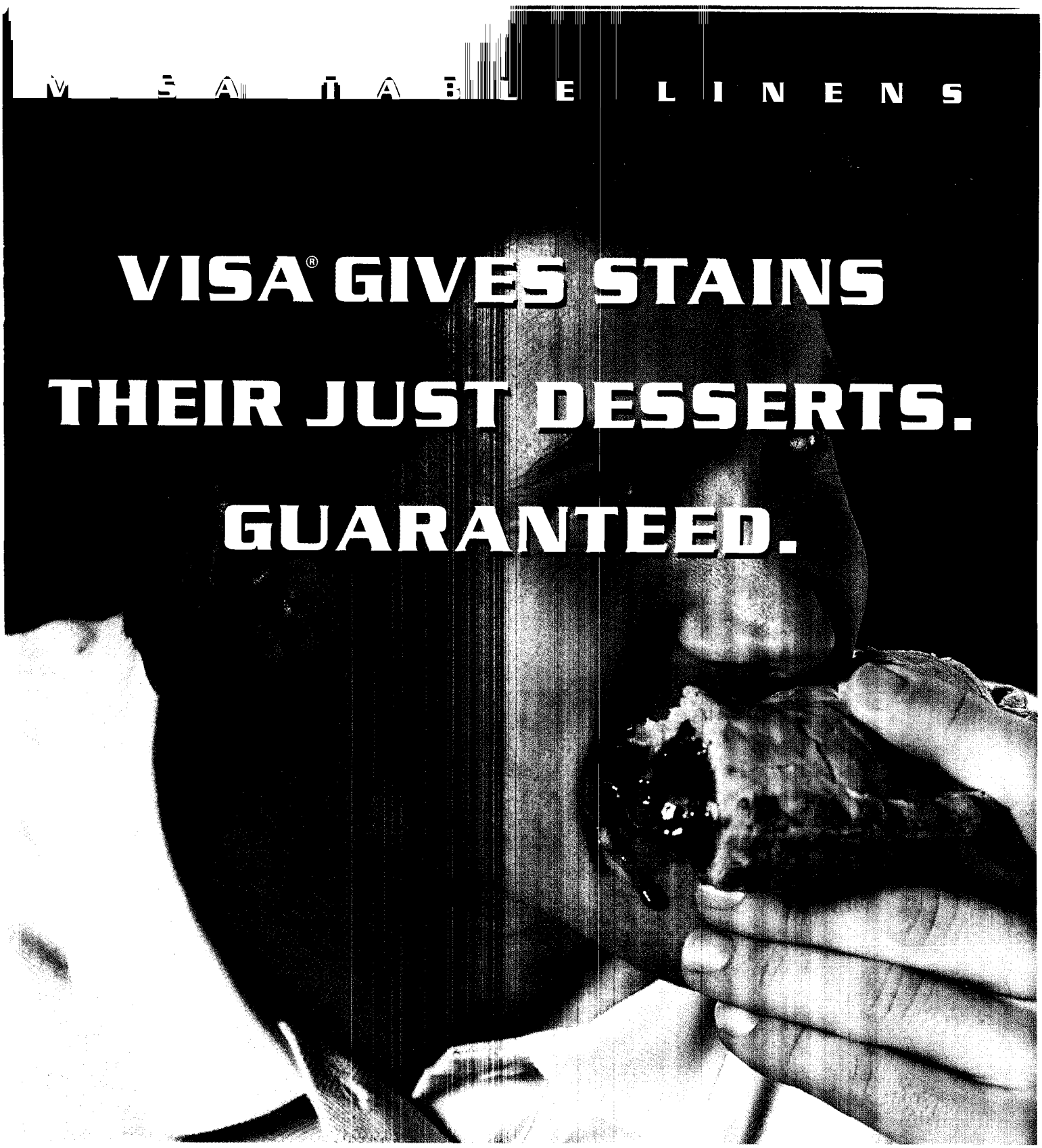

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